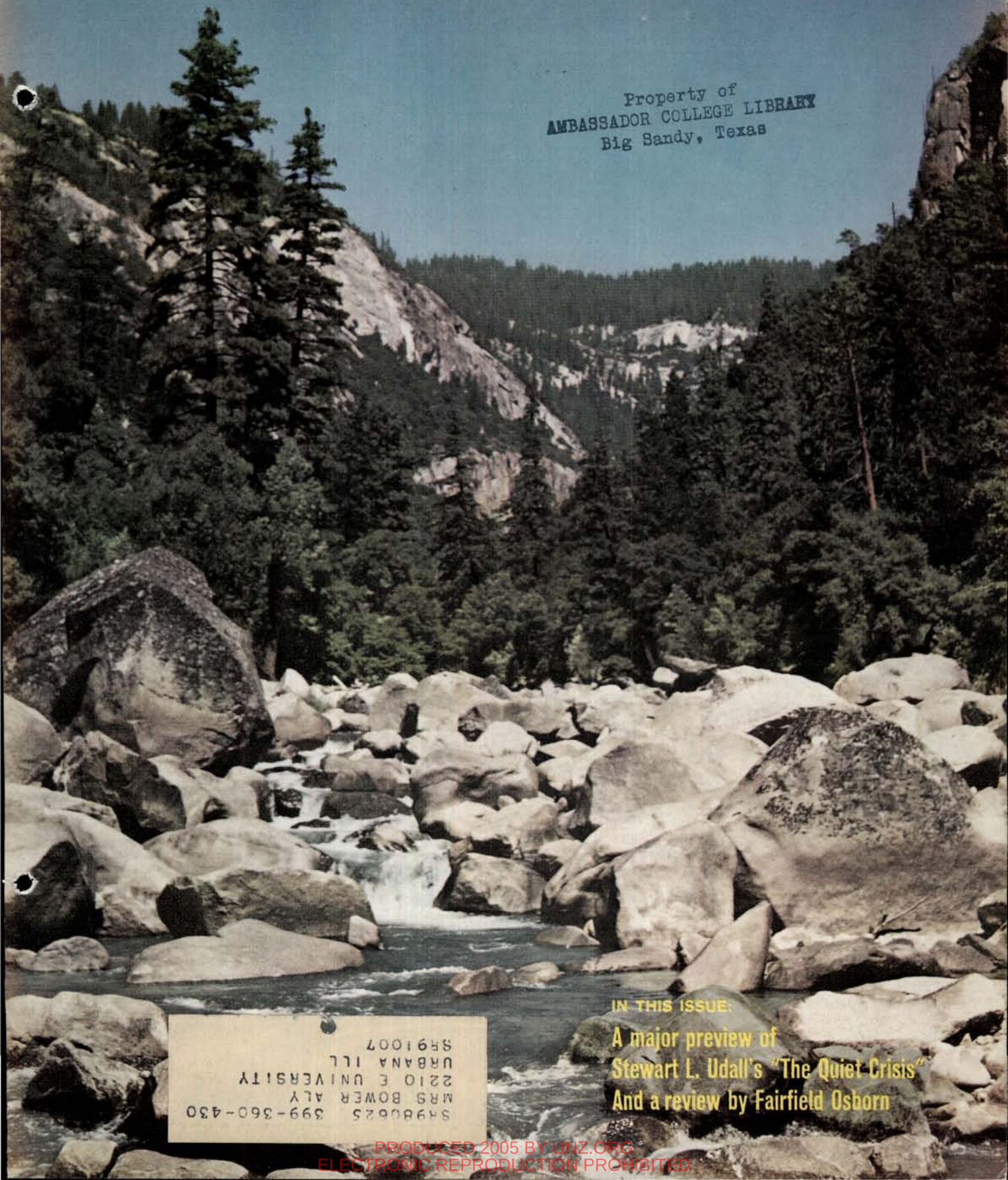
Saturday Review

November 23, 1963 25¢



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IN THIS ISSUE:

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Stewart L. Udall's "The Quiet Crisis"
And a review by Fairfield Osborn

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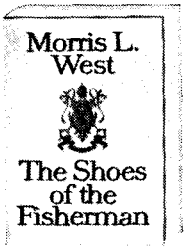

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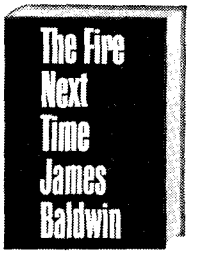

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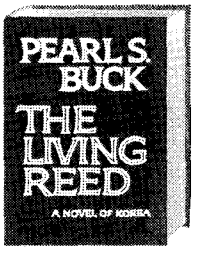

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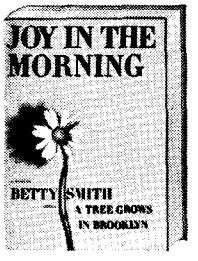

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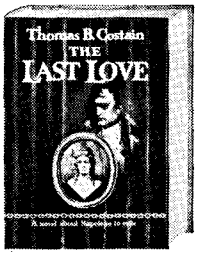

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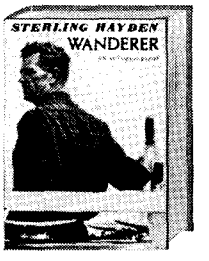

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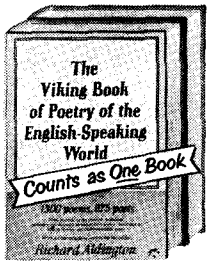

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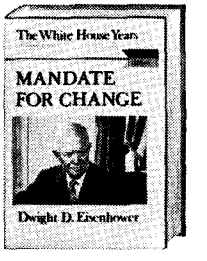

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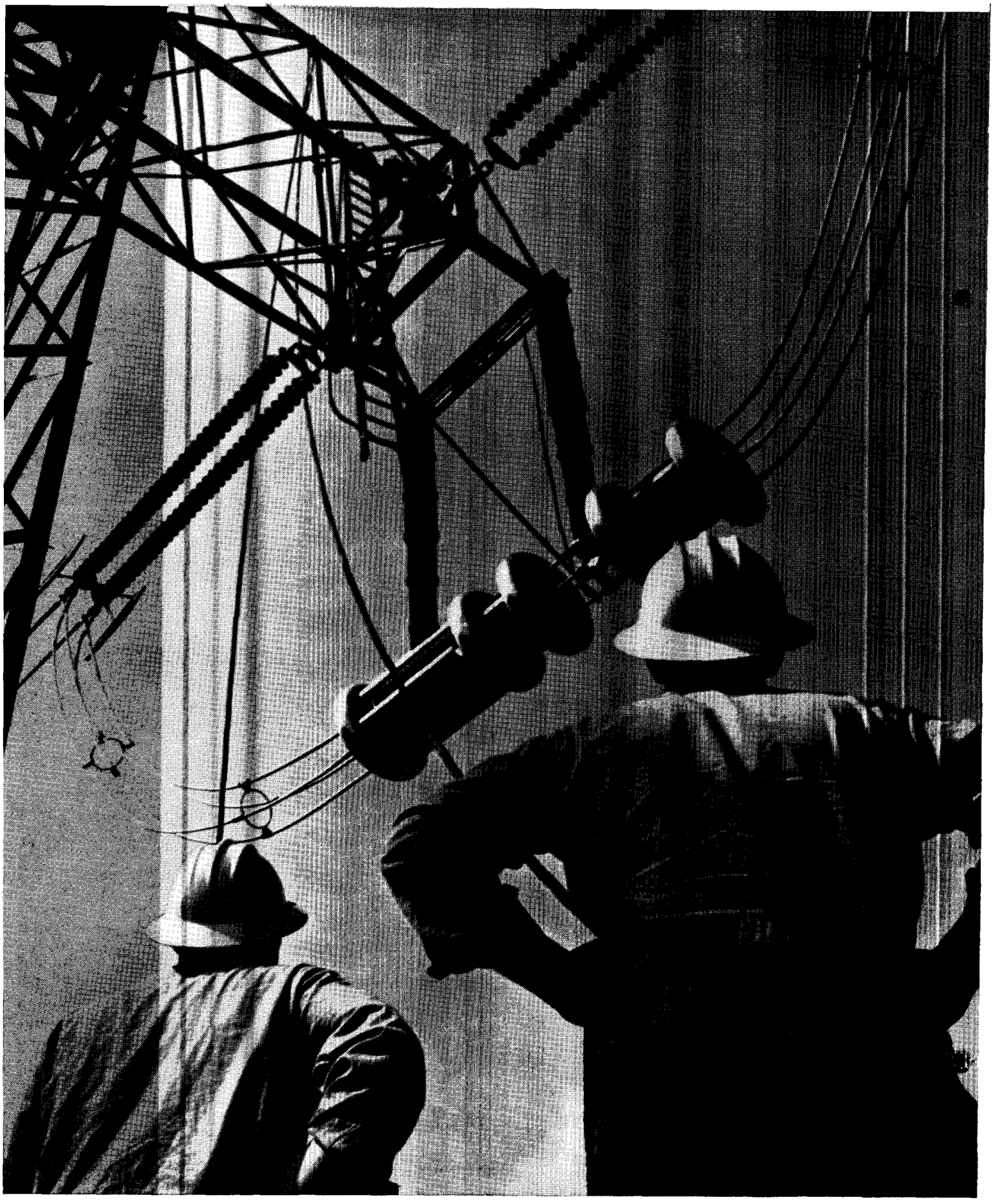

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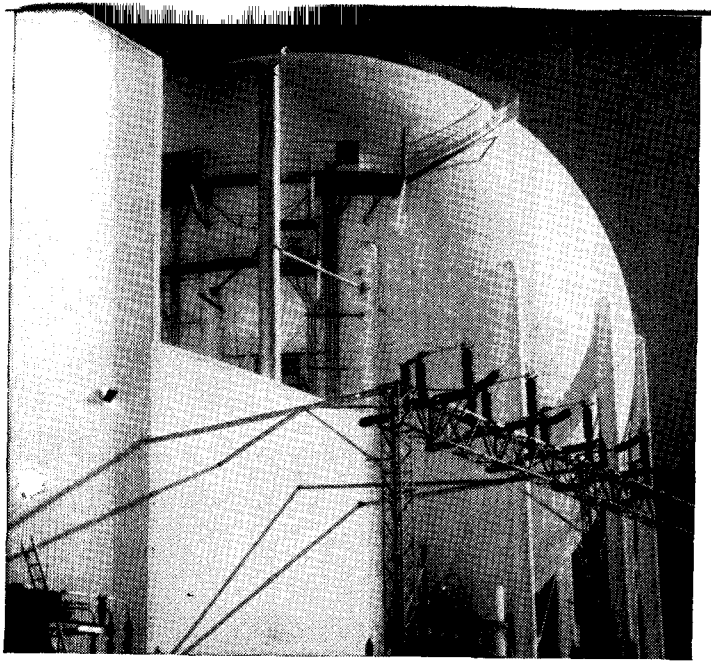

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To La Belle Dame In Front
or. . . .
Why the Theatre Gives Me a Pain in the Neck

Your hair-do, dear, is quite the rage;
And so am I: it hides the stage;
It even hides the wide, wide screen;
I wish I had a guillotine.

—Olivia Murray Nichols.

• • •

A Brief Guide To the Legitimate Screen

I HAVE just succeeded in developing a helpful Cinema Classification System, according to which there are three basic cinema products:

1. The Movie
2. The Motion Picture
3. The Film

While a Movie can be tragedy, comedy, light romance, biography, or general fiction, the Motion Picture is usually serious because it costs not only more Money but more Thought, and in the cinema industry Thought is not very funny. The Motion Picture is usually longer than the Movie; its ideal length is 137 minutes, not counting intermission. The Motion Picture, like the Movie, is usually made in the United States, or in Italy and Yugoslavia under the Foreign Aid system.

The Film is relatively new, dating from the discovery of Europe after World War II. Whereas Movies are made in either color or black-and-white, Films are mostly in black-and-gray; and they generally have subtitles.

Some of the more "outstanding" Movies are *It Happened One Night, Jezebel* (which is also a Vehicle—see later), *Love Finds Andy Hardy,* and *Hud.*

Some Motion Pictures are *Intolerance, Gone with the Wind,* and *Lawrence of Arabia.* At first glance you might think that *Cleopatra* was a Motion Picture, but since it stars Elizabeth Taylor it is a Movie.

Films are made by Ingmar Bergman, Satyajit Ray, Michelangelo Antonioni, and others. Films include *La Strada, Room at the Top, L'Avventura,* and *Beat the Devil.* Avant-garde Films are a subcategory; all Avant-garde Films should be half as long as they now are.

There are several miscellaneous categories in my system, including, of course, the Vehicle, which carries a Star (usually female); the Presentation, which is presented by such men as David O. Selznick and Walt Disney; and the Picture, which is only a Movie with an extra-large advertising budget.

I hope that my system will be of help to many people who go to their neighborhood theatres for entertainment on the legitimate screen and never know exactly what they are seeing.

—Edwin Kennebeck.

• • •

Foreigners

I HAVE a theory that only people who were born somewhere else know anything at all about how to enjoy New York City. This theory started to form a few years back when, one fine Sunday, I made the trip to the north end of Manhattan island to visit the Cloisters in Fort Tryon Park. First of all, I was astonished that the city had such a beautiful park. It was all peace and flowers and a charming view of the river. Secondly, there were people just walking, just sitting, just living. And third, they were all "foreign." They spoke anything but English, which, by the way, doesn't sound too good in a park anyway unless it's a dead English poet being quoted by a live Englishman. These people obviously knew what a park was for. They must have inherited the knowledge that a park isn't a place for eight simultaneous baseball games, roller skating, bicycle riding, yelling, discarding newspapers, candy wrappers, pieces of hot dog rolls—as in some parks I can name. Nor is it a place for putting up ugly buildings as monuments to deceased relatives, or for tearing down trees in order to erect restaurants to the glory of misguided millionaires. A park, in short, is an open space for a man, a bench, a tree, a flower, a bird, and peace.

After formulating the theory, like all good scientists I set out to make it a fact, and to this end am pleased to submit the following proofs.

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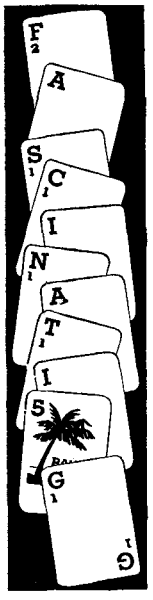

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cup of coffee and sits around gabbing all afternoon? Czechs. Italians. Germans. Austrians. Dutchmen. Swedes. Who buys one beer and argues until midnight? Irishmen. Who manages to spend the long afternoons sitting under trees and playing chess with strangers? Russians. Greeks. Norwegians. Who goes to the museums, art galleries, zoos? Frenchmen. Hungarians. Russians. And the really interesting shops, the atmospheric restaurants, the amusing, the novel, the "different" . . . for these, too, we must look to the foreign-born.

Then comes the second generation. He is now a full-blooded, 200 per cent American and even eats like an American. He loves hot dogs (invented in Frankfurt), hamburg (*jah!*), pizza, and Danish beer. He can tell a bagel from zweiback and blini from piroshki.

There's probably something very funny about the fact that, especially today, everybody is trying to be like everybody else . . . when all that's really worth preserving are our differences. But I don't think I know just where the joke is. . . . —HENRY MORGAN.

(Translated from the Russian by M. K. Argus, who translated it into Russian in the first place for Novoje Ruskoye Slovo.)

• • •

A Query

The International Phonetic Association's
here to stay.
But I can't understand why the I.P.A.
isn't the I.F.A.!
—YVONNE SHILLING.

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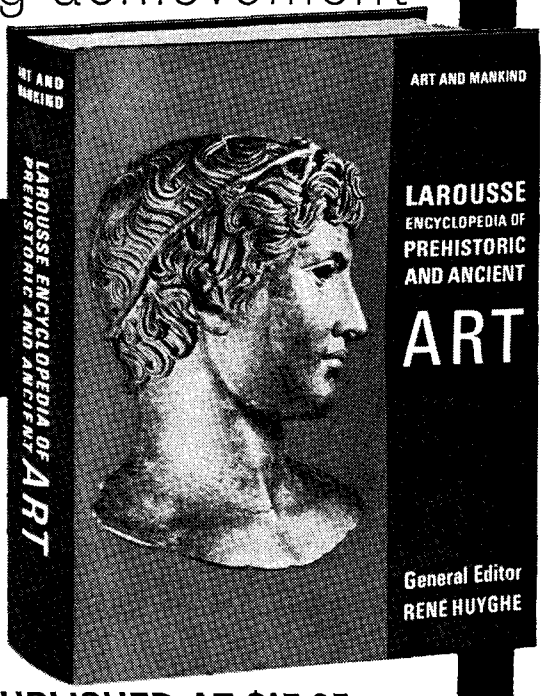

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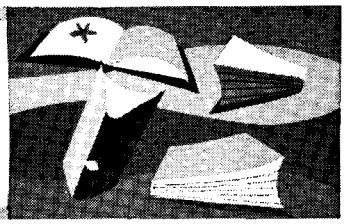
Trade Winds



We have already heard about the Thomasville, Georgia, theatre operator whose advertisements for *PT 109* cried, "See the Japanese almost get Kennedy." A new one on me is the Miami movie ad for the same motion picture: " . . . for those patrons who are not JFK supporters we have free Goldwater bumper strips."

In her new book about how parents are making their children into status symbols, *The Child Worshippers*

(Crown), Martha Weinman Lear declares that pediatrics is the most misery-ridden field in the medical profession. She quotes a survey in the magazine *Medical Economics* revealing that more pediatricians wish they were in some other specialty than men in any other branch of medicine.

The reason is that they have to put up with mothers; the children are easy to handle by comparison. The phone rings all day with mothers asking such vital questions as "Can I take Tommy to the beach with a 103 temperature?" One doctor reported that a woman asked, "I was making whipped cream for the children and a mosquito fell in. Is it contaminated?"

In addition to the long, irregular hours and the comparatively low remuneration, there is the pediatrician's discomfort in knowing that 90 per cent of his service is for coughs and colds. One man said an anxious mother looked at him on one occasion and asked, "Do you think Joey's sick enough to call in a regular doctor?"

Having purchased a kit to replace a towel bar, James P. Ryan of St. Louis found that it came with detailed directions. By the time he had finished replacing the towel bar, he had become intoxicated by the poetic lilt of the instructions. I haven't the space to quote the whole thing, but here is the seventh and final step for the replacement of a towel bar, by the Irmanton Products Company.

"Finally, insert the plug in the hole in the other end of the bar, so that the beveled end projects out and push the plug into the hole until this beveled end is flush with the end of the bar, line it up with the hole in the bushing, and release it so the plug slips into the hole in the bushing, as you slide the end of the bar across the inner face of the left-hand bracket."

If there's an executive in New York's new Pan-Am building wondering what happened a few Mondays ago, here is the explanation. I got it from the girl. She had just finished a secretarial course and reported for her first job. She was slightly nervous to start with, but matters got worse. The boss called her in right away and began dictating. At first, she managed to keep up with him, but she gradually fell behind.

He kept asking, "Am I going too fast?" and she was reluctant to admit it, so she would say, "No, sir." By mid-morning she was on about the fifteenth letter, but she had gotten completely lost long before that. She was simply scribbling shorthand notes up and down the pages of her steno pad. They didn't make much sense. He kept on dictating, oblivious to the tragedy. He finally finished and, seeing that it was nearly noon, he said:

"There's no rush on those, Miss B——. You can type them up after lunch."

Miss B—— returned to her desk, got her things together, including the steno pad, took them all out to lunch with her, and never went back to the Pan-Am building again.

It's a one-sided battle Emanuel Feldberg is having with the Electronic Quartz Corporation. It's one-sided because the company is paying no attention to Mr. Feldberg's letters and critiques of the advertising campaign in which Electronic keeps talking about how "broiling is healthier." No one will use charcoal again, the ads say, after they've cooked with the revolutionary "Quartzbroil which broils with pure radiant energy . . . seals in the juices . . . no soot . . . you can enjoy delicious, charcoal-flavored healthier food."

Mr. Feldberg is demanding that Electronic Quartz stop referring to "'healthier" broiling and "healthier" food. It's the consumer that will be healthier, he points out, by eating more health*ful* food, using a more health*ful* method of broiling. He even quoted Webster's Third. But Electronic Quartz is doing a healthy business and they aren't listening.

Here's a classified ad from a September issue of the *Wells-Ogunquit Star* of Kennebunk, Maine:

> LOST: Will the four men who picked up the sail boat from Goose Rocks Beach Monday the 19th please return same or at least call for the mast, rudder, boom and sail. No sense in both of us not using the boat. Charles R. Butts. WO 7-2218.

Sharps and Flats: Here's the description of what's inside one of those squeeze bottles that contains lime juice: "Made from concentrated lime juice standardized with purified water to the strength of freshly squeezed lime juice." My translation of that is: diluted lime juice. What's yours?

► Mack McGinnis told about an amateur photographer who tried to take a picture of a ghost that appeared once a century on a certain midnight. The photographer set up his camera and lights. When the ghost appeared, he turned out to be friendly and he eagerly posed. The photographer snapped the shutter once and the ghost disappeared. In the darkroom the photographer found that the negative was underexposed. As he told his friends, the spirit was willing but the flash was weak.

► Byron Dobell says that when a certain mate went to look for a job on a whaling ship the personnel man took his application and said, "Don't call me, Ishmael. We'll call you."

► Helen Bower was grammatically upset at this sign on the wall of a Detroit supermarket: "All cars left on the lot after these hours will be done so at the owner's risk."

► Yvonne Schilling, hearing the undertakers label Jessica Mitford pro-Communist, concludes that right now Miss Mitford would rather be read than dead.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1545)

(SIR WILLIAM) MULOCK:

ON BEING NINETY-FIVE

(Speech at his birthday banquet, 1938; suggested by Frank Zerringer)

I have warmed both hands before the fire of life. The Castle of Enchantment is not yet behind me. Daily I catch glimpses of its battlements and towers. Mine, too, are the precious things of today—books, flowers, pictures, nature and sport. The best of life is always further on.

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Would you like to send an Avis button to your son at college?

Or to the man who installed your dishwasher? Or to the laundry that doesn't replace the buttons on your shirts?

It might wake up somebody you know. The way it did us.

The button jacked us up. It reminded us we were only No. 2 in rent a cars. With a lot more to do than just hand you a new car like a lively, super-torque Ford.

We had to try harder to keep you coming back.

All of us.

The girls at the counters, the men who fill up the gas tanks, the mechanics, the president back at the office. We're still only No. 2. But we're inching up.

Pick up a button at any Avis counter.

If the slogan doesn't work, turn it over.

Try the pin.

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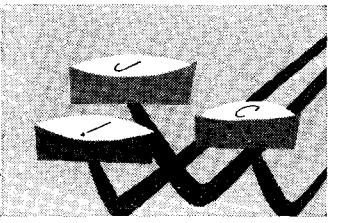
Manner of Speaking



Honesty: A week does not go by without at least one letter-writing reader who begins by asking me (always as a rhetorical question) if I really believe all that stuff I was writing about last week, and who ends by admonishing me to be honest. As if there were anything easy about being honest. As if, in fact, honesty existed on the same scale as the sands of the shore, enough of it strewn about to fill every hand that will reach for it.

If only in self-defense, I am left to argue that no luxury is dearer than honesty and that no vice is more destructive. Every thoughtful thief, liar, and swindler knows the perils of his dishonest trade. Ignorantly hopeful, he dreams of finally stealing enough to permit his retirement into honesty, to the ease of mind that requires no watchfulness. (What was it John Donne said as his best image of serenity?—"And so good morrow to our waking souls which watch not one another out of fear.") Any man, and the more devious man the sooner, dreams of such ease. Yet even as he thinks he has stolen or cheated his way to that life of psychic luxury, he finds he must spend all his time being wary and watchful to hide the tracks of his past dishonesty with the devices of his later dishonesty.

Who can afford honesty? Heads of state cannot; it is their duty to be devious. An entirely honest President would destroy the nation in a month and go down to history impeached as a fool, a traitor, or both.

Citizens cannot afford it. Were we to give honest expression to all our impulses we should be arrested in ten minutes. And in five, if we were to publish in whole honesty everything we think. Within society, as its pretensions are organized, only guile can keep us out of jail.

And only guile can keep the peace and make the social order workable. Were honesty to become pandemic, salesmen would starve, the economy would collapse, workmen would refuse their wages and be foreclosed out of their houses to roam the streets, teachers could not speak or would be lynched if they did, clergymen would be ripped from their pulpits, and parents and children would murder one another for the good of mankind.

For the only possible honesty begins in wanting nothing that can be taken from another man or that another man can take away. And it must then learn to care nothing whatever for any man's opinion. If we lack goods we shall crave dishonestly to snatch some to ourselves. If we manage to become indifferent to goods, we must still practice all the chicaneries of persuading someone to admire us for our abnegation.

A holy man of the East might master that art in the act of starving himself joyously into eternity, but unless a man refuse all world to walk in he must become a monster of callousness on his way to honesty. And even if he choose to be as ruthless as a Hun in his honesty, to which of his conflicting selves shall he be honest at any given time?

No, thank you. My friends are all decent liars and I will have no others if I can help myself. A reasonable dishonesty is the only method of acquisition left to us, and a congenial dishonesty is the only social nexus. We not only permit to ourselves and to others the dishonesties that make group living possible: we demand them and shun the honest monster.

True, society jails men for certain kinds of inept dishonesties (inept because they are caught), but it can manage to jail them perhaps only because the whole truth about the judge who passes sentence is not known. Even so, the sentences imposed by law on the dishonest (when they get caught) are nothing compared to those that would be handed out to a truly honest man (who would infallibly get caught). For him we should have to revise and refine the methods of tribal torture. A new inquisition would only serve to warm his toes while our scientists were working out the tools of a real punishment.

And the honest man would deserve it. For he is a mad anarchist, a John Brown, a merciless destroyer, a wolf of the soul without either social responsibility or compassion for life. Sooner sleep with cobras than look for an honest man to walk with. Society and the law of life have equally set a bounty on the honest man, and they will have his head. They must have it. So long as one honest man walks among us, no one is safe.

The one mercy is that no such man can exist. Nor would I, you may be sure, dream of setting myself for his role. I hate no man enough to tell the truth about him, or what I take to be the truth—whatever that is. Were he to tell all of his truth about me, I could shoot him and claim a bounty from the State.

Do I really believe all that stuff I wrote last week or all the stuff I am writing this week? Certainly not. I had a notion once of being a prospector, but having failed to strike a good mine, I have turned swindler and have no trade but to salt mines to sell to others. For every idea is a mountain from which none of us can bring more than a few chunks of stone by way of description. By the time I have brought them back I am not always sure from which mountain they came, or even that there was a mountain. I am a failure as a swindler, I am afraid, but I should like to sell you a mountain of idea. Any sort of mountain. Even one I am not sure is there.

I do, with certain mixed feelings, rather like collecting these mountain specimens. Even from mountains I have lost. Some of my favorite crystals seem clearly enough to be from nonexistent mountains. Or I may just decide to throw all of them out next week and deny the existence of all mountains. You have to take your chances with any writer.

But don't expect any writer to take the chance of being honest with you. In words? How is a word made honest? I have already lied metaphorically in pretending I was in the mountain gravel business. The fact is I am stuck with words. And just look at the things slither. If you can. Pick one up and try to hold it. It is like a palm full of quicksilver: you may hold it steady for a minute, or for ten. But inevitably your hand begins to shake, or the stuff starts to leak out between your fingers however hard you squeeze them together. The first thing you know, it is darting all over the floor, turning to dust.

How else can it go? The whole dream is in the pleasure of scooping up that unholdable handful for the bright moment it stays holdable. And what has honesty to do with that? What matters is to hold it alive while you can, the idea quaking and shifting in containment for an instant. Till the next tremor of your hand shakes it into another shape, and another.

The Artist and Society: "As everyone knows," one of my students once wrote in the course of a term paper, "the eighteenth century was the Age of Reason, and then came the Romantics who found all sorts of things they chose to be mysterious and irrational about."

He was botching an oversimplified notion, to be sure, but I was ready to guess he had remained at least half awake for at least half of the opening lecture. Somewhere between, let us say, Alexander Pope and Lord Byron the terms of a central assumption had shifted in the minds of literary men. The highest order of creative mind,

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once identified by the possession of "wit, taste, dignity, and fit measure," had come to be reconceived around such terms as "genius, *je-ne-sais-quoi,* divine madness, nature, and inspiration."

Every age has its set of natural assumptions. The natural assumptions of the Age of Reason held art to be a social function, its forms transmitted by society and regulated by the practice of the classic masters. "Taste" in art consisted on the one hand of knowing the masters and on the other of avoiding "enthusiasm." An "enthusiast" was what the seventeenth century called a "fantastic," and approximately what the twentieth century calls a "beatnik." To possess "taste" meant to feel a rapport with the standards of intellectual society. The individual entered the equation primarily as the possessor of "wit," a compound of talent, restraint, and learning. The good artist danced as all intellectual society danced; the measure of his excellence lay in the fact that he danced the same dance more gracefully than did others.

The romantic idea of "inspiration" was unmistakably an opposed notion. By divine gift, and scorning the social restraints implicit in "taste," the inspired artist made his own rules. But to make one's own rules is obviously to reject those of society. Thus the romantic was, by definition, a rebel and antisocial. "Look in thy heart and write," may be taken to state the case for the individual genius. "The proper measure of mankind is man," may be taken to state it for the social, which is to say, the cultivated poet.

Nothing in the history of art is, of course, quite that simple. Byron has read his classic masters and could himself have turned out a discourse on "taste." And Pope certainly honored that spark that marks the superior artist. Art, that is to say, is something like a balance—or an imbalance between the individual artist and society.

The nature of that balance—or imbalance—is especially pertinent in our times, of which it can be said categorically that no good artist embraces wholeheartedly the values of the society in which he lives. (Not, at least, outside the USSR.) Yet at the same time, he must recognize that it is society and only society that stores from the past and transmits to him his traditions, his forms, and even the world view and the sort of passion that make his work possible.

No genius has ever flowered apart from society—without a passionate immersion in the traditions society has stored up for him, and without a zealous joy in remaking what society has made possible. Let him be as anarchic as Dylan Thomas or as orthodox as Tennyson—the teeth of the true gift must be in his own mouth, but only from society can he take the food that will build the body of his special genius.

Art has had few such geniuses as Mozart. It is almost possible to think of him as coming from the cradle—if not from the womb—with his genius already formed. And that enormous native genius, though battered by social and physical adversity, swelled from one creative triumph to another, not only seemingly unexhaustible but ever mounting, up to the hour of its tragically early death.

To be sure, that enormous inherited gift happened to be born in the son of the greatest music teacher of his age, a master attached to a court in which great music and great musicians were a daily routine. If natural genius is the all-absorbing sponge, the sponge that was Mozart was plunged by fruitful accident into the clearest waters of its age. So goes happy chance at its best. But now try imagining.

Imagine that the enormous inherited gift that was Mozart was snatched up at birth by a time machine and transport to the Greek Golden Age. Can one doubt that, barring fantastic mischance, the transported Mozart would become a master musician of that other age? Who knows what he might not have accomplished with lute, flute, reeds, drums, or as a rhapsode? Marvelous things, one must suppose.

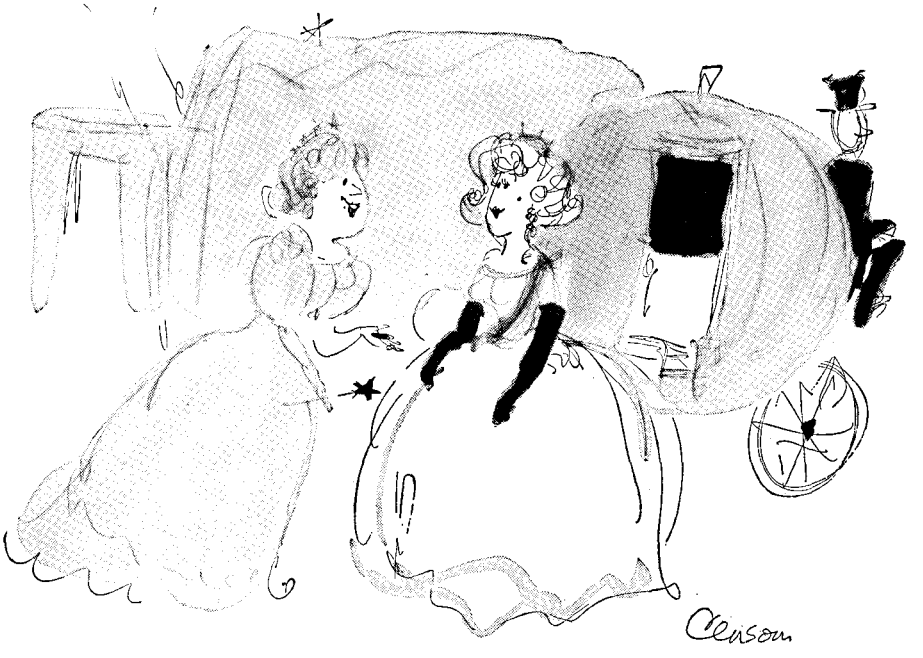
But (leaving out the quartets, ensembles, operas) how many symphonies could he have composed? He could not have had even the dimmest concept of symphonic music. The very idea of the orchestra had yet to be formed by society. The individual instruments that would bit by bit blend together to form that idea had hardly begun their evolution. It is for these reasons that the natural genius of twenty Mozarts could not have composed a single symphony. Society had not yet made such a thing possible.

And now, with all fantasy in gear, imagine that this transported Mozart, having been fully formed in the Golden Age, is suddenly transported in his maturity to a concert hall in which a symphony orchestra is flowering forth in the full passion of a Mozart symphony as we know it. What would he hear?

An excitement perhaps. A marvelous stirring of confused possibility. But no language. Only by being born of the evolved language can one learn it. Only in society could he have acquired the ears that could listen to that music. The inherited musical genius would still be there—the chromosomal possibility—but as a seed without soil to flower in.

Society is that only soil. It is by the power of genius that men make essential new connections, but the elements among which it has its connections to make are forever from society.

Some see it as the tragic schizophrenia of our times that the artist, forever dependent on his motherhood by society, is somehow forced by his honesty to reject most of the values of his society. Tragic? Well, perhaps. But given what seems to be happening in Russia, where the artist makes it his career and passion to embrace even the most glaring slogans of the party leaders, we may think of ourselves as lucky in having artists who dare rebel. The fact is that their rebellion is never really from society. Rather, they insist on holding up to all levels of society its own best levels. The health of that rebellion is the health of us all. —JOHN CIARDI.



"And here's 50 cents for the powder room"

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SR's Check List of Current Books

Americana

America's Lost Plays. Volumes I and II combined, and Volumes III and IV combined. Barrett H. Clark, general editor. Indiana Univ. Press. $8.75 each. ($7.50 each on subscription for complete set of ten double volumes plus supplements.)

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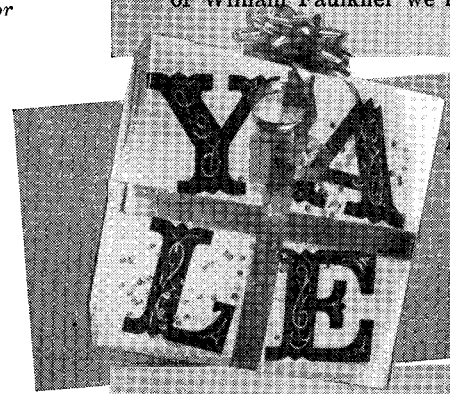

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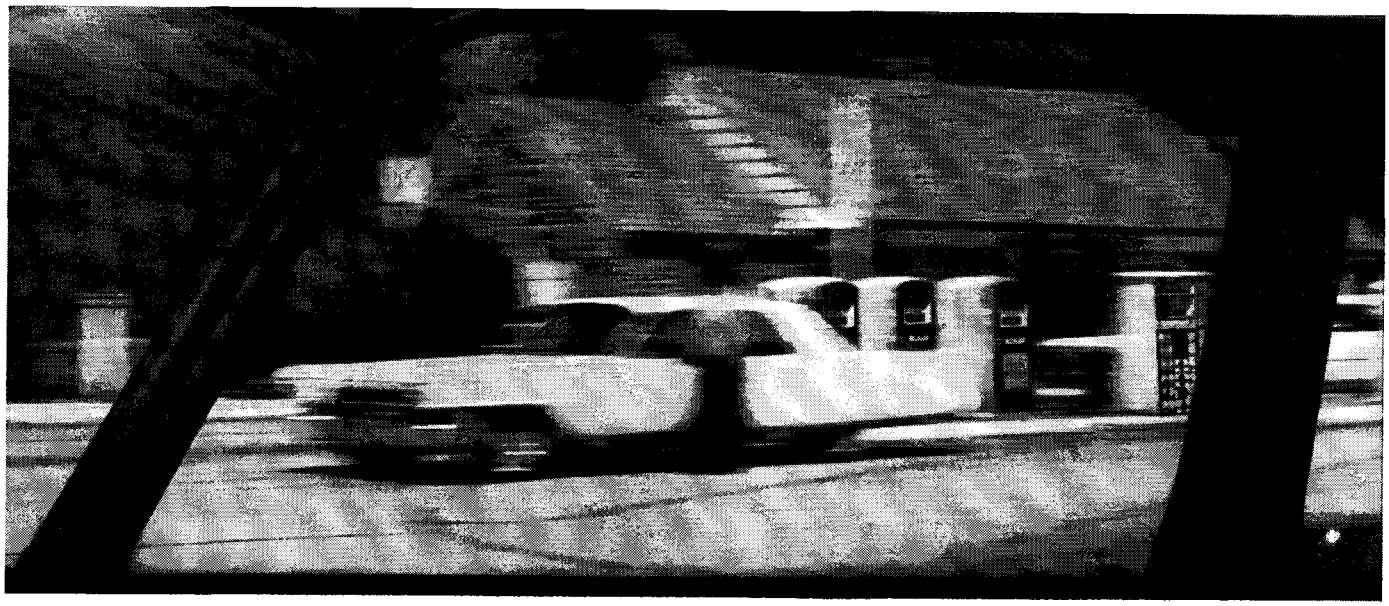

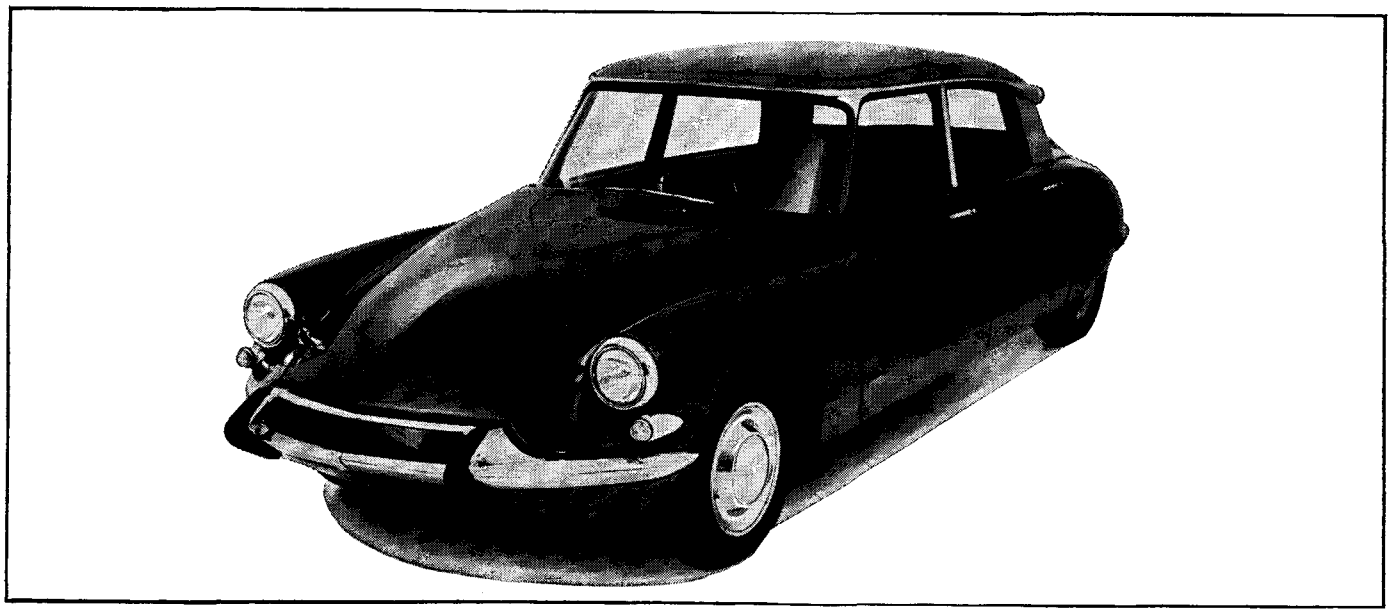

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Saturday Review
November 23, 1963

By Stewart L. Udall

The Quiet Crisis

Abundance and an unspoiled environment are within reach, says the Secretary of the Interior, if the American people are willing to pay the price.

IF THE forester and reclamation engineer symbolized the conservation effort during Theodore Roosevelt's time, and the TVA planner and the CCC tree planter typified the land program of the New Deal, the swift ascendancy of technology has made the scientist the surest conservation symbol of the Sixties. His instruments are the atom smasher, the computer, and the rocket—tools that have opened the door to an ultimate storehouse of energy and may yet reveal the secrets of the stars.

TR partially stopped the waste of resources, and his pilot conservation programs were a solid success. A generation later, Franklin D. Roosevelt's new agencies set out to rebuild the land, and the dams and development projects he instituted became the keystone of the conservation effort. However, when the cadence of history accelerated with the onset of World War II, resource problems were either downgraded or transformed. FDR marshaled a maximum science-industry effort to produce the goods and weapons needed to win a global war. The supreme conservation achievement of this century, the fashioning of an almost self-renewing source of energy by the atomic scientists, was a direct result of the war effort. The first dramatic testing of an atomic pile at Chicago, in 1942, introduced the new role of scientists as the midwives of conservation. A hundred years of resource history were telescoped. The atomic physicists who uncovered the edge of an infinite dynamo brought fire, like the gods of Greek mythology, from seemingly inert elements and allayed our fears of fuel shortage once and for all.

The surge of science was a boon to many areas of resource conservation. During the war years and those that followed, the alchemies of research brought new metals such as beryllium, germanium, columbium, molybdenum, and titanium into use, created synthetics and substitute products, and increased the usefulness of many new raw materials. Investments in basic research in agriculture paid off with discoveries that gave wider insights into agronomy, while plant genetics and plant pathology yielded new strains, which, with new fertilizers and pesticides, made the granaries of American farmers overflow and gave us an opportunity to share our surplus and our science with other nations. Similarly, research in animal husbandry increased our ability to raise livestock, and science encouraged the owners of public and private forest lands to apply the free-farming techniques that were fostered by the successors of Gifford Pinchot.

These triumphs of technology have, in the 1960s, lent a note of optimism to the reports of most resource experts. Today, we are told, technology carries in its hands the keys to a kingdom of abundance, and sound solutions to many conservation problems rest largely on adequate research and efficient management. At last, long-range resource planning is becoming an indispensable aid to science in assuring an abundance of resources for human use.

Ironically, however, these very successes of science have presented a new set of problems that constitute the quiet crisis of conservation in this decade. It began with the inrush to the cities at the outset of World War II, and intensified with each new advance of technology. Our accomplishments in minerals and energy, in electronics and aircraft, in autos and agriculture have lifted us to new heights of affluence, but in the process we have lost ground in the attempt to provide a habitat that will, each day, renew the meaning of the human enterprise. A lopsided performance has allowed us to exercise dominion over the atom and to invade outer space, but we have sadly neglected the inner space that is our home. We can produce a wide range of goods and machines, but our manipulations have multiplied waste products that befoul the land, and have introduced frightening new forms of erosion that diminish the quality of indispensable resources and even imperil human health. The hazards appear on every hand; many new machines and processes corrupt the very air and water; in what Rachel Carson has called "an age of poisons," an indiscriminate use of pesticides threatens both man and wildlife; and the omnipresent symbol of the age, the auto, in satisfying our incessant demand for greater mobility, has added to the congestion and unpleasantness of both cities and countrysides.

The conservation effort was confused and sidetracked by the cataclysmic events that began in 1939. In the two decades that followed, public men were so preoccupied by the urgent issues of the hot and cold wars that none tried, as Pinchot and the two Roosevelts had done, to expand the conservation concept and apply it to the new world of

(*Continued on page* 22)

This article is a preview of *The Quiet Crisis*, by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, published this week by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. These excerpts appear here through special arrangement with the publisher.

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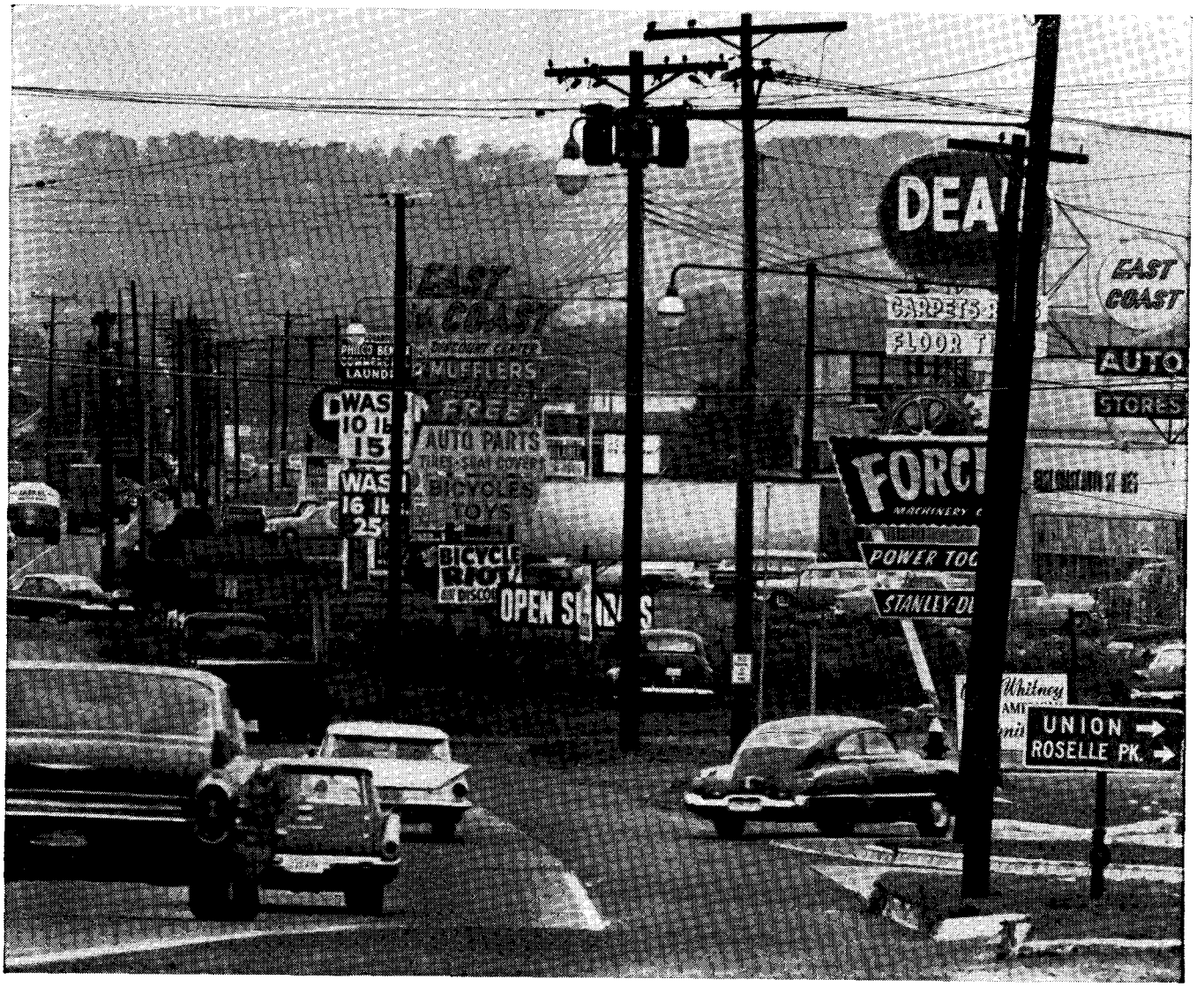

—*Herbert Loebel, American Heritage*

—*American Heritage Book of Natural Wonders*

—*The Hoffman Pictures*

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Views of the quiet crisis—Opposite page: top, man obscures and destroys the landscape; bottom left, rutted and scarred farmland has lost its fertility; bottom right, the uncontrolled slaughter of buffalo herds in the nineteenth century was a national tragedy. This page: right, the search for living space has eliminated space for living; below, conservation came too late in flooded Appalachia.

—Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc., American Heritage

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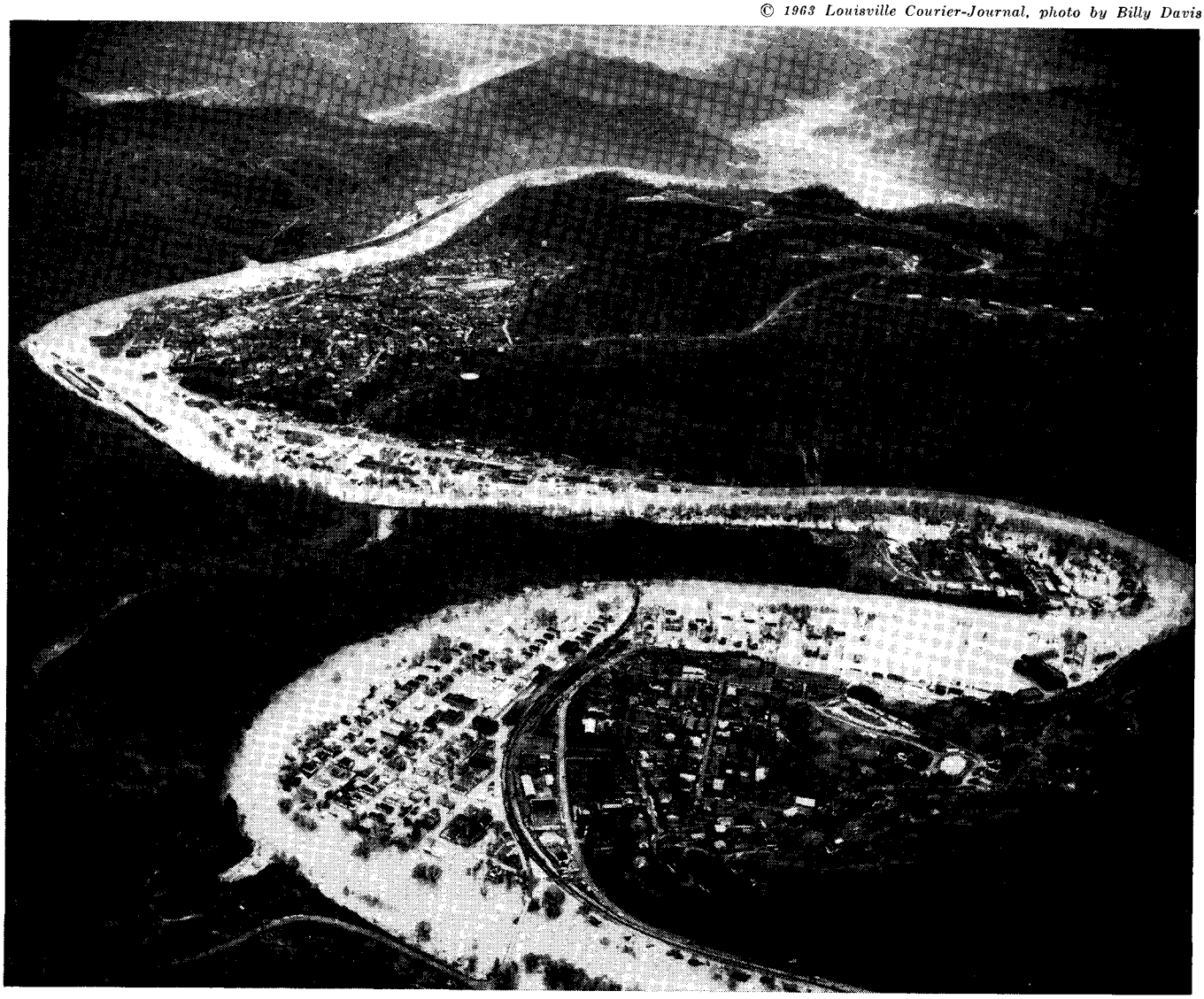

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(*Continued from page* 19)
natural resources and the new problems of land stewardship.

As a result of this failure to keep the conservation idea abreast of the times, such successful conservers as the scientific industrialists and scientific farmers seldom consider themselves conservationists at all, while many modern disciples of Thoreau and Muir have narrowed their concern to park, forest, wildlife, or wilderness problems.

With the passing of each year neglect has piled new problems on the nation's doorstep. Some brilliant successes—in electronics, atomic physics, aerodynamics, and chemistry, for example—encouraged a false sense of well-being, for our massive ability to overpower the natural world has also multiplied immeasurably our capacity to diminish the quality of the total environment. Our water husbandry methods have typified these failures. At the same time that our requirements for fresh water were doubling, our national sloth more than doubled our water pollution. We now are faced with the need to build 10,000 treatment plants and to spend $6,000,000 to conserve water supplies.

Much of our river development proceeded on a pork-barrel basis (although regional planning had an inning when the Upper Colorado River Storage Project was passed in 1956). The incursions of industry, agriculture, and urbanization into the marshlands were reducing waterfowl populations. Acreage in new parklands created by federal and state governments was too sparse to be significant: in 1940, 150,000,000 Americans had a spacious National Park system of 22,000,000 acres; twenty years later, a population which had grown to a more mobile 185,000,000 inherited an overcrowded system that had been enlarged by only a few acres. Of 21,000 miles of ocean shoreline in the contiguous forty-eight states, only 7 per cent was reserved for public recreation.

IN addition, the most eroded lands in the United States—the overused grasslands of the Western public domain—were not restored to full fertility despite the new American awareness of the importance of soil conservation. Asphalt inroads of city subdividers in search of quick profits were so ill-conceived that stream valleys and open space were obliterated.

In the postwar period, unfortunately, most Americans took their out-of-doors for granted. It was a fact that pressures were growing each year to despoil our few remaining wilderness areas; Americans who were accustomed to outdoor recreation as a way of life—with access to public areas for hunting, fishing, hiking, and swimming—found overcrowding increasing each year. Most state and city governments faced so many growth problems that they had little time for foresight in planning their over-all environment. It was a sad fact, also, that the men, women, and children of America the Beautiful became the litter champions of the world. Each year about 5,000,000 battered autos are added to our junkyards. Aided by industries that produce an incredible array of boxes, bottles, cans, gadgets, gewgaws, and a thousand varieties of paper products, our landscape litter has reached such proportions that in another generation a trash pile or piece of junk will be within a stone's throw of any person standing anywhere on the American land mass. Our irreverent attitudes toward the land and our contempt for the Indians' stewardship concepts are nowhere more clearly revealed than in our penchant to contaminate and blight once-attractive landscapes.

The promised land of thousands of new products, machines, and services has misled us—and the conservation movement, which should have become an intricate and interlocking effort on a hundred fronts, was itself disorganized and outdated.

Simultaneously, the steep upsurge of population and the pell-mell rush to enlarge our cities changed our people-to-people ratio and our people-to-land relationships as well. Indifference to the land was also accelerated by new seductions of spectatorship, the requirements of industrial growth, and air-conditioned advantages that made glassed-in living so appealing. The predictable result was that sedentary, city-bound citizens were encouraged to acquiesce in the diminution of the spaciousness and freshness and green splendor of the American earth.

Intoxicated with the power to manipulate nature, some misguided men have produced a rationale to replace the Myth of Superabundance. It might be called the Myth of Scientific Supremacy, for it rests on the rationalization that the scientists can fix everything tomorrow.

The modern land raiders, like the public-land raiders of another era, are ready to justify short-term gains by seeking to minimize the long-term losses. "Present the repair bill to the next generation" has always been their unspoken slogan.

As George Perkins Marsh pointed out a century ago, greed and shortsightedness are conservation's mortal enemies. In the years ahead, the front line of conservation will extend from minerals to mallards, from salmon to soils, from wilderness to water, but most of our major problems will not be resolved unless the resource interrelationships are evaluated with an eye on long-term gains and long-term values.

Large-scale conservation work can no longer be accomplished by the flourish of a President's pen or through funds appropriated to fight a business depression. If we are to preserve both the beauty and the bounty of the American earth, it will take thoughtful planning and a day-in and day-out effort by business, by government, and by the voluntary organizations.

IF the area of individual involvement is enlarged, if enough modern Muirs step forward to fight for "legislative interference" to save land and check its despoilment, the conservation movement can become a sustained, systematic effort both to produce and to preserve.

Full-fledged collaboration of science and industry and government, quickened by the spur of business competition, will enable us to write bright new chapters in the conservation of some resources. The continuing revolution in research should give us the means to harness the tides of Passamaquoddy, interconnect the electric power systems of whole regions, economically extract fresh water from the seas, turn vast oil shale beds into oil, and, by discovering the secrets of fission and fusion, allow us to "breed" energy from rocks.

Government leadership and government investment, however, must continue to play the larger role in traditional conservation work. In a matter of decades many regions will confront an insistent water crisis. Water conservation must always be primarily a public endeavor. It is already plain that regional planning, basin-wide water regimens, transmountain diversions of water from areas of surplus to more arid watersheds, sustained yield management of underground aquifers, and the development of techniques for pollution control and the re-use and re-cycling of water will be needed to save the day for water-short areas of the United States. To achieve this we must begin now to train a fully adequate corps of hydroscientists and to develop an awareness of the vital elements of a water conservation program.

In addition, the forested land of our country must be managed more intensively to achieve much higher wood yields, and public forest lands must have much wider use if we are to provide adequate outdoor opportunities for our citizens. Likewise, our efforts to save soil, to control stream pollution, and to repair the land damage of the past must be enlarged and intensified.

The quiet conservation crisis is the

(*Continued on page* 52)

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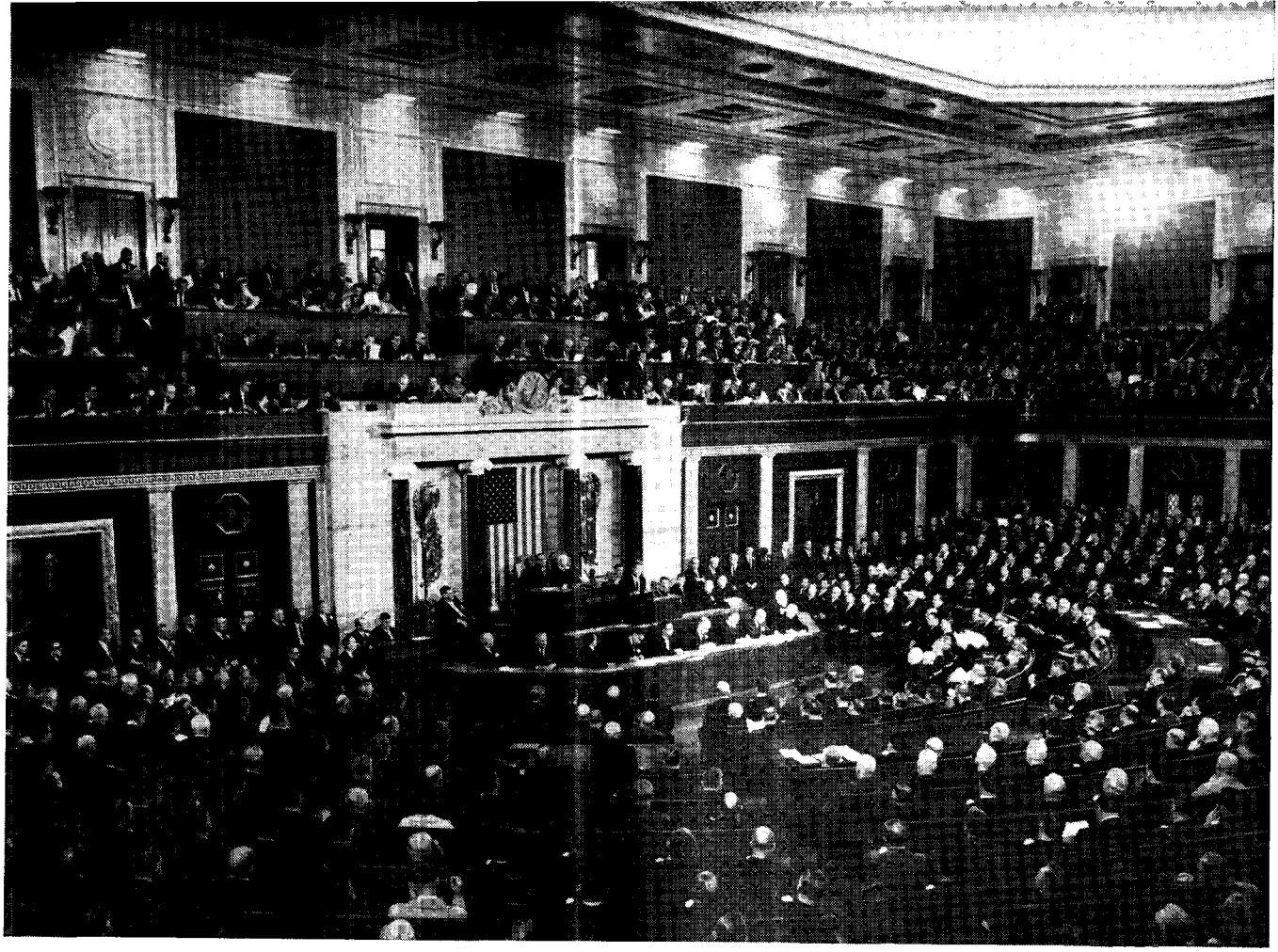

—*Wide World*

BLUEPRINT FOR A STRONGER CONGRESS

By CLIFFORD P. CASE, *U.S. Senator from New Jersey.*

WHAT can be done about revitalizing Congress?

There has been no comprehensive attempt to bring Congressional procedures and practices up to date since the enactment of the LaFollette-Monroney Congressional Reorganization Act in 1946. Since then, our nation has gained two new states, has increased its population by 50,000,000, and has moved into an entirely new range of international and national problems.

In looking over the activities of Congress from a perspective of eighteen years of service, I recognize that there is no simple, one-shot solution. Our problems are many, and each of them may require a separate approach.

Earlier this year, I joined with Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania in a resolution to establish a Joint Committee on Organization of Congress to study procedures and practices with a view toward improving the efficiency of our branch of government. Originally, I had urged that experts from the public, as well as members of Congress, be included in a Hoover Commission type of study group, but the Senate Rules Committee in approving the resolution has decided to limit the group to members of Congress. Unfortunately, the committee also excluded the House and Senate Rules from its purview. Still, I believe we can do a good and necessary job under this resolution.

The Rules Committee accepted several of the problem areas which I included in my legislation and used them to illustrate the nature and scope of the proposed inquiry.

The first problem area is the scheduling of measures for consideration and action. Legislation is now very slow in coming to a vote during the early months of a session of Congress, with an inevitable end-of-session pile-up.

Congressional Quarterly, which keeps a box score on major legislation, reported at the end of September that thus far only six major bills had been enacted into law by the 88th Congress. Significantly, all six of these were enacted by almost unanimous votes, indicating that they were relatively noncontroversial. Four were routine, one was an emergency, and only one enacted any new program. The six were the corporate and excise tax extension, increasing the debt limit, aid for medical schools, the rail dispute bill, feed grains, and extension of the draft.

Perhaps of equal significance is the tabulation by *Congressional Quarterly* of action on proposals made by President Kennedy. Fully one-third have received no action in the House or the Senate—not even a hearing. This is not to suggest that the proposals of a President should automatically be made law, but I am concerned that many of these proposals have been buried in committee and there has been no opportunity for a vote on their merits. This points up the tremendous powers of a committee or subcommittee chairman.

A recent example concerns the Wilderness Bill, a major piece of legislation

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that has been passed by the Senate twice. It is now in a House committee with no action, not even a hearing, pending. It makes no sense that one man, chairman of a committee or subcommittee because of longevity, can block consideration of an important bill.

Delay has not only beset purely legislative measures, but has also tied up the annual appropriation bills that provide necessary funds for carrying out governmental programs. Our government runs on a fiscal year that ends June 30. As of that date, we had passed only one appropriation bill. In fact, as of the first week of October, we had approved only three of the ten major appropriations measures. This means, of course, that the government is functioning largely on continuing resolutions that permit temporary financing, but not breaking any new ground, not permitting any shift or alteration in major Congressional programs.

An example of the need for such shifts involves the public schools of the District of Columbia. The Congress has been told that the city schools desperately need 388 new teachers to keep the size of classes at something approaching a reasonable level, but the plea has been butted about and at the moment the Senate is nowhere near passing the bill. As a result, this new school year is moving along with last year's quota of teachers, and thousands of youngsters will be irrevocably harmed. This example is typical of what happens throughout the government. As one newspaper pointed out recently, "If an indecisive and vacillating board of directors ran the financial affairs of a large corporation the way Congress handles those of the federal government, the disgusted stockholders would rise in wrath and throw them out of office. . . ."

I cite these facts to demonstrate the great need for expediting our present lagging procedures. Here are some of the suggested remedies which I believe are worthy of consideration: Setting a deadline for committee action on bills recommended by the Executive Branch, if not on all bills, and on nominations and treaties submitted by the Executive Branch; scheduling Congressional committee meetings on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and sessions of the full House and Senate on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and, as necessary, on Saturdays; extending appropriations bills to cover two-year periods so that Congress may concentrate on legislation in one session and on appropriations in the next session, with due provision for consideration of emergency legislation.

A second problem is the structure, staffing, and operation of Congressional committees. The role of absolute seniority in appointment to committees and especially in selection of chairmen should be re-examined. Clarification and modification of committees' jurisdictions is overdue. Rules of procedure, particularly for convening investigations and handling witnesses, should be enacted to cover all committees. The role of the House Rules Committee should be re-examined.

A third problem involves the role of members of Congress in the appointment of postmasters and the making of appointments to military service academies and other government agencies. Congress could eliminate politics by placing Post Office appointments exclusively under Civil Service and handling the nominations to the various academies by Civil Service examinations.

A fourth problem is legislative overseeing of the administration of laws. We need a more systematic and effective method of seeing to it that the intent of federal law is carried out. But this problem also involves not only intent but also the manner in which legislation is put into effect. One example related to this question is the Area Redevelopment Act, which has been the subject of numerous complaints that it has been used for partisan advantage.

ONE of the sharpest of these complaints came from Representative Clarence E. Kilburn, Republican of New York, who told a House Banking and Currency Committee hearing that the ARA had dispatched a telegram to his Democratic opponent the day before his re-election last year to announce an industrial loan to repair and modernize a pulp and paper mill. The effect of the announcement, in Congressman Kilburn's words, "was electrifying." A newspaper in the area described the reaction in the job-hungry town of Norfolk in this way: "The announcement touched off a celebration in Norfolk unparalleled since the ending of World War II. Early in the evening the fire station there began sounding its horn, sirens screamed, church bells rang, and a sound truck moved through the settlement loudly exclaiming the glad news. Some report that there was dancing in the streets, and taverns overflowed for 'a drink to celebrate.'" The election was next day.

A fifth area that requires attention is the strengthening of the Congressional power of the purse. We need to do a better job of coordinating Congressional performance in raising and appropriating public funds. At present, members of Congress are faced with individual appropriations bills dealing with the major departments of government, but there is little opportunity to approach these measures with information on the effect each has on the over-all federal budget or with a thorough picture of over-all federal revenues. In short, we are asked to do the family shopping week after week without adequate information on what the annual income will be or what the total family expenses may amount to.

A sixth problem is the operation and effectiveness of existing laws related to lobbying. Recent hearings by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the representatives of foreign governments suggest strongly that some improvements are essential in both the provisions and administration of our lobby safeguards. The development of this relatively new activity adds another dimension to the practice of lobbying on Capitol Hill.

The Rules Committee also added two problem areas to the resolution. One is the problem of how to settle time-consuming stalemates between the House and the Senate—what kind of formal machinery can be established to solve procedural disputes and to provide a more cohesive legislative process?

Last year, in the 87th Congress, several appropriations measures were tied up for months in a dispute over where meetings of House and Senate conferees were to be held in order to adjust differences in the bills. Another problem, which has been emphasized by Senator Clark, concerns the appointment of conferees on controversial legislation without regard to their personal position on legislation. Under present procedure, a conferee appointed to represent the Senate's position may have taken an active role opposing that very position on the Senate floor. Even if we assume the best of intentions on the part of such conferees, it is difficult to accept the view that they will be the most effective spokesmen for the Senate's position in conference with the House of Representatives.

The committee's other addition to the resolution is a suggestion that the joint committee study the extension of the services rendered by the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress, including the furnishing of additional scientific and technological advice and assistance to the members and committees of the Congress. This added item on the agenda is a recognition of the tremendous growth in legislation dealing with complicated scientific and technological activities.

I hope, too, that Congress will be given an opportunity to vote soon on two additional resolutions reported favorably by the Senate Rules Committee. The first of these would require that all debate, for at least three hours each day during a Senate session, be germane to the subject under discussion. At

(*Continued on page* 55)

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Chicago: Something Ventured, Something Gained

TOP ART collections, whether in museums or private homes, don't just happen. They result from dedicated planning, avid looking, carefully nurtured sources, wide knowledge and, above all, an acquisitive obsession beyond the call of reason or duty. Authentic collectors (as differentiated from routine buyers) become implacable sleuths. Nothing daunts them. If museum funds are low they defy the problem by infusing possible donors with their own passion. Following every lead, every whisper of the grapevine, they track down those rare items that give cohesion to what otherwise might become heterogeneous assemblages.

Such a collector was Carl Schniewind, curator of prints and drawings at the Art Institute of Chicago for seventeen years. As devoted to prints as to drawings, he once became electrified at a dinner party when he overheard a lady talking about her prints; they turned out to be new spring dresses. And he even went so far as to name his dog "Print." When Schniewind came to the Chicago museum in 1940, he found a miscellaneous study collection of drawings, all but a few of them routine. When he died six years ago, he had accumulated a group of nineteenth-century French drawings that could hold its own with the Art Institute's world-famous paintings of the same period. In addition, he had added some magnificent old-master drawings (elusively difficult to come by these days) and the nucleus of a great eighteenth-century graphic collection. It remained for another creative curator, Schniewind's able successor Harold Joachim, to give impressive dimensions to this last group, much needed in a museum only weakly represented by paintings of the eighteenth century.

For those who want to see what won-

"Two Kneeling Monks," by Vittore Carpaccio

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"Be Careful with that Step," by Francisco Goya

"Self-Portrait" by Maurice-Quentin de La Tour

ders can be accomplished in a brief twenty-three years, a visit to the Wildenstein Galleries in New York is mandatory. There, until the first day of December, 165 master drawings from the Art Institute of Chicago are on view. The exhibition, including works by 103 artists, spans five centuries and ranges from a 1438 Pisanello to a 1944 Picasso. Repeatedly the names of two donors, both women, appear on the labels attached to the finest masterpieces. Without the loyal support of Mrs. Tiffany Blake and Mrs. Joseph Regenstein, Chicago's drawing collection would scarcely exist. More than one-third of the works shown, and often the best, are gifts from these two patrons. The city has reason to be proud and vastly grateful, particularly since graphics rarely attract the glamorous publicity showered on paintings.

To my mind, the crowning glories of the collection are the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French drawings, though an anonymous fifteenth-century Italian *Portrait of a Young Priest* and Carpaccio's devout *Kneeling Monks* take my breath away each time I see them. Unforgettable are the Fragonards, topped by *A Bull of the Roman Campagna*, a work of such expansive grandeur as to turn a familiar animal into a mercurial symbol of vitality. Three Watteaus make one marvel at how a sheet of paper and some wispy lines can add up to authoritative figures articulated with the utmost subtlety. But, then, the whole mystery of fine drawing often results from saying much with surprisingly little. A few lines washed on by Goya's hand and, presto, a young girl dashes across the paper. No background is needed—just her shadow and the magic of suggested movement. As for the two eighteenth-century pastels by Maurice-Quentin de La Tour, they are brilliant. The *Self-Portrait*, by concentrating only on facial expression and eliminating everything else from the composition, projects the viewer into the immediate presence of the artist. Here again we are impressed by an evanescent medium able to encompass permanence, substance, and weight.

The exhibition further demonstrates that groups are apt to have more meaning than isolated examples of a man's work. Several splendid Gauguins remind us that Chicago boasts one of this artist's most distinguished graphic collections. So too, the large section devoted to Degas faithfully traces the master draftsman's steady growth from a poignant, if traditional, early drawing to a late smashing expressionist one. Not to be overlooked is Van Gogh's *Weeping Woman*, better called *Despair*. Like a sturdy compact carving, the figure is conceived in hard, blunt

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planes without a single detail or facial feature included. Intense feelings are conveyed by nothing more than expressive gesture. Surely this is the ultimate in communication.

Among the most recent acquisitions in the show is a highly finished study for Carpeaux's sculpture, *Ugolino*. The muscular intertwined figures hold memories of Michaelangelo, but the electric drama of light and dark is pure Carpeaux, an artist, by the way, still too little appreciated.

The Art Institute of Chicago has wisely specialized in artists' sketchbooks, a number of which are included in the exhibition. For where can one better evaluate an idea than in its impulsive inception? And of course sketchbooks are precisely where first thoughts are apt to be recorded and where the personality of the artist is most directly revealed. Take, for instance, the cool, pure drawings of Jacques-Louis David from a sketchbook of 1810, in which portraits of such famous characters as Lebrun, Napoleon, and Caroline Bonaparte figure prominently. Even in a fragmentary drawing, David emerges as a master classicist. And no greater contrast could be imagined than Cézanne's notebook, filled with intimate likenesses of his wife and child, with loose double-page drawings of L'Estaque, and with even an occasional scrawl by his little boy. Here one really feels like a behind-the-scene snooper.

It is only in the twentieth-century section of the exhibition that any letdown takes place. The courageous imagination that included unique atypical earlier works seems lacking in the contemporary survey, seriously, alas, where current American art is concerned. True, many of the best-known European moderns are included, yet too rarely with outstanding examples. No experimental present-day American drawings are evident, no sign that De Kooning, Tobey, Kline, or David Smith ever touched pencil or pen to paper, though several of these artists are represented by fine graphic works at the Art Institute. To have omitted them and other important colleagues is not only to underestimate their place in history but to terminate a superb exhibition on a hesitant note. —KATHARINE KUH.

In December Don't Miss

Indian Miniatures at the John Herron Museum of Art, Indianapolis. Eighty works, featuring Indian miniature paintings of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, depict court scenes, cityscapes, poetic landscapes, and occasional views of daily life. Closes December 15.

18th-Century Venetian Drawings from the Correr Museum at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. Canaletto, Guardi, Longhi, Piazetta, and Tiepolo are a few of the masters represented in 120 drawings paying homage to Venice. Opens December 7.

Franz Kline Memorial Exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery, New York. Significant canvases of the last ten years are stressed in this all-loan exhibition of works by one of America's great abstract expressionists. December 2 through December 28.

Retrospective Exhibition of Francis Bacon at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. A comprehensive view of a British painter who handles the human figure with humor, anger, despair, and disgust. His work is sometimes grotesque, usually upsetting, but never dull.

Art of the Empire: The Inca of Peru at the Museum of Primitive Art, New York. The first comprehensive show of Incan art in the Western Hemisphere will place on view more than 150 objects, including goldwork, stone and wood sculpture, featherwork, and textiles.

"Despair," by Vincent van Gogh

"Study for Ugolino," by J.-B. Carpeaux

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Global Budgeting for Science

THE U.S. House of Representatives has appointed a select committee of nine, chaired by Congressman Carl Elliott of Alabama, to make a year-long study of the spending of American tax moneys for scientific research. The committee's main task is to determine what, if any, system of research priorities exists and how public spending for science might more truly express the aspirations of a peaceable, democratic people.

Among others, the science editor of *Saturday Review* has been invited to provide information and offer pertinent suggestions for this inquiry. It seems to him that the committee might appropriately begin by addressing itself to the following question:

Has the time not come for Americans to assert their faith in their own freely chosen values?

Must we continue to support research along particular lines merely or principally because the Soviet Union is doing research along those same lines?

The misnamed "race to the moon" is the most widely advertised case of extravagant spending undertaken in pursuit of a supposed Russian plan to accomplish the same ends as ourselves. Less well known but equally disproportioned is the high-pressure lobbying of American physicists for enormous and expensive electronic guns with which to smash the nuclei of atoms into progressively smaller bits.

An $8,000,000,000 scheme has been worked up to cover employment of physicists at premium pay during the next twelve to fourteen years.

First there is supposed to be a $160,000,000 gun.

Then, before anyone knows what that one will do, there is supposed to be a $300,000,000 gun.

Then, before anyone knows what that one will do, there is supposed to be a $800,000,000 gun.

Because the first and smallest of these proposed new guns is scheduled to be operated by an academic combine known as Midwestern Universities Research Association, almost the entire bloc of Congressmen from the Midwestern states has been enlisted to pressure the Atomic Energy Commission into advocacy of the plan. Political pork-barrel tactics, already made notorious in hardware projects of the Army Engineers, the Air Force, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, have thus been extended to envelop instruments of pure science. In defense of this denigration of the principles science is assumed to live by, it is argued that regional favoritism in public spending for research has gone much too far in favor of such states as Massachusetts, California (home of House Science and Astronautics Committee chairman George Miller), New Mexico (home of Senate Space Committee Chairman Clinton B. Anderson), and Texas (home of Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson). It is not necessary to become involved in this domestic political haggle in order to ask the global question:

Why should there be such large spending for atom-smashing guns anywhere in the country?

The answer could not be simpler. The physicists who are selfishly concerned say, "This is one area of research in which we really are ahead of the Russians. We've got to stay ahead for the sake of American prestige."

The argument is not very impressive.

Further exploration of the atomic nucleus is of unquestionable importance. But it is a long-range business, on roughly the same time scale as exploration of extraterrestrial space.

President John F. Kennedy has sensibly proposed that the fantastic cost of man's first trip to the moon be shared through a joint expedition with the Russians. Vice President Johnson, who is responsible for following through on space exploration ideas at the White House level, apparently has chosen not to pursue the notion. But his seeming reluctance on that project should not be allowed to block an approach to sharing the cost of nuclear exploration with the Russians and with other interested nations as well.

The International Atomic Energy Agency—an affiliate of the United Nations—would be the natural vehicle for such a grand experiment.

As Americans (not as Democrats, or Republicans, or followers of some other political party, but as believers in the spread of self-government among men), we have a special obligation as well as a special opportunity in the IAEA. It was created by the U.N. at our request five years ago, in order that someday we might have a place to turn our nuclear bombs (which even then existed in greater numbers than could be used meaningfully in any war) into plowshares. It has prospered in spite of our half-hearted support of it. Eighty-eight nations give it allegiance. Its present director-general, Dr. Sigvard Eklund of Sweden, is patiently expanding its regional operations from Bangkok to Athens to Sao Paolo to Cairo. It is the one international agency prepared to monitor the safety of atomic furnaces on a nonpolitical footing. And note should be taken that the Russians recently voted with the majority to extend IAEA inspection to large furnaces with appreciable weapon-making capacity.

Five nations—Austria, Denmark, Italy, Pakistan, and Turkey—recently bid for the privilege of establishing an IAEA Center for Research in Theoretical Physics. Italy won the competition, and the new institution will open in the city of Trieste sometime next year.

We suggest to the select committee of the U.S. House of Representatives that a still newer center, an IAEA arsenal of atom-smashing guns, jointly financed by ourselves and others, open to use by qualified experimenters from everywhere, would be a sound economic investment in peaceful intentions.

—JOHN LEAR.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Is Anybody Happy?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH'S article "Through Happiness with Slide Rule and Calipers" [*SR*, Nov. 2] was a perfect example of the type of thinking that has impeded the efforts of social scientists and philosophers to understand human behavior. It is indeed an unfortunate thing that nearly all advances in science by scholars have to be gained by overcoming the derision of the masses. But while ignorance may exonerate the rabble, it is not possible to invoke it in defense of the "intellectual elite."

Mr. Krutch attacks sociologists because they try to prove things that everyone is aware of, attempt to quantify that which is obviously subjective (happiness), and above all wish to reduce all people to "adjusted" robots. Some astounding results have been produced by research in areas in which "everyone was aware of the facts." To cite one example, sociologists in studying the distribution of divorce by economic class found that although "everyone knew" more divorces occur in upper-class marriages, there were actually many more divorces among the lower economic classes.

In answer to Mr. Krutch's second charge, one can merely point to the history of scientific inquiry. How many "impossible" products of science do we take for granted today? How many people are willing to discount the Rorschach test's contribution to the diagnosis of mental illness? Yet isn't it an attempt to quantify that which is innately subjective? The first attempt in a scientific inquiry is often crude and fruitless, but it is only through trial and error that research techniques can be refined until meaningful results can be obtained.

Finally, Mr. Krutch accuses the sociologist of leading the way to a robotlike existence for man. Just as there are good and bad writers and poets, so there are good and bad sociologists. Many scientists are more interested in changing the world than in finding truth. These people are more likely to make prescriptive statements than descriptive ones. In doing so they are violating the scientific ethic of abstaining from value judgments. Sociology, like any science, is inherently neutral. It may be used to support a moral position, but that is not its purpose.

Those who feel that the attempt to uncover the truth about human behavior may be dangerous are aligning themselves with those "public guardians" who executed Socrates for "asking too many questions."

MILTON MANKOFF.

New York, N.Y.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is probably our country's sweetest and most accomplished instrumentalist in that difficult genre known as "the still, sad music of humanity." One could listen to him all day and return at evening chastened and yet inspirited. Let's have more of him. . . .

A thousand honors to *SR* for giving Mr. Krutch a national hearing.

GEORGE KELLOGG.

Moscow, Idaho

"Now we owe them a dinner."

SOMEONE OUGHT TO take Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch aside and explain to him that the existence of literature is really not in danger. The advent of social science in the twentieth century will not wipe out literature any more than the coming of age of biology wiped out religion during the nineteenth century. . . .

What makes confounded old Krutch so cocksure that legislators and educators can run the world solely on the basis of *literary* wisdom? I suppose his column of potpourri on happiness is better than sociologists' studies? Why not let the legislators and educators have all the help they can get from *whatever* sources may be available —natural science, social science, literature, philosophy, and religion?

And why should Krutch, as he seems to, presume to speak for philosophy and religion—for morality—in addition to literature? I suspect that these latter fields could supply their own spokesmen. Since literature can hardly presume to be a synonym for morality, Krutch will come to be seen as an odd type of preacher standing on an ill-befitting platform.

DAVID S. TILLSON,
Professor of Sociology
and Anthropology,
Brockport College.

Brockport, N.Y.

MR. KRUTCH has taken a single case and proceeded to beat sociology over the head. That is dangerous business and no more justifiable than for me to flail away at literature using Krutch.

Krutch objects to statistical proof of the obvious. This happens often in sociology, but once in a while the obvious *is* disproved. Krutch might benefit by reading the *American Soldier* material that came out of World War II. He seems to place a bit too much trust in common sense. Common sense does not tell me, and I doubt very much that it tells him, that the earth goes around the sun.

Krutch complains about gobbledygook. Far be it from me to defend the writing of sociologists and other social scientists. It needs to be said, however, that sometimes sociologists write for other sociologists. When they do they often use their own language, as do other professions. I can make little sense out of what the doctor writes the pharmacist and I am equally at sea with legal language. I am not greatly concerned because I realize that I am not the intended reader. Perhaps Krutch was not the reader this study had in mind.

JAMES W. DAVIS, JR.

Washington, D.C.

SINCE MR. KRUTCH objects to an indiscriminate linkage of "the friskiness of a puppy" with the "joy celebrated in the Ninth Symphony" to represent such a concept as happiness, perhaps he will understand my dissatisfaction with his technique of comparing a pilot study made by representatives of a young science with selections from the finished works of some of the great men of literature.

All sociologists do not consider the humanities as a "never-never land," nor do many view sociology as an effort to determine what people "ought" to have, or do, or be. Indeed, sociology may be studied for the purposes of extending and broadening one's experience and knowledge, but without relinquishing the understanding that

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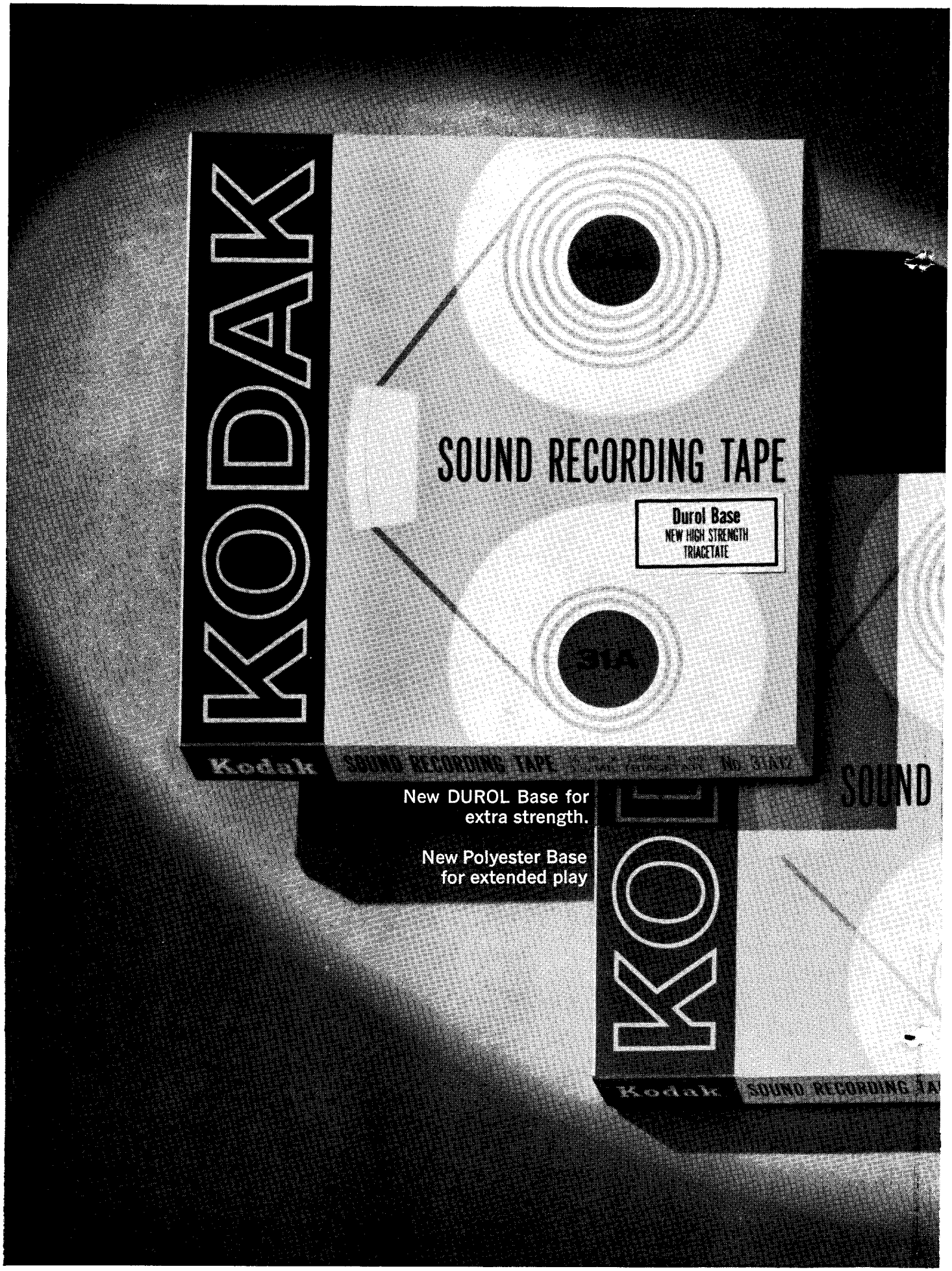

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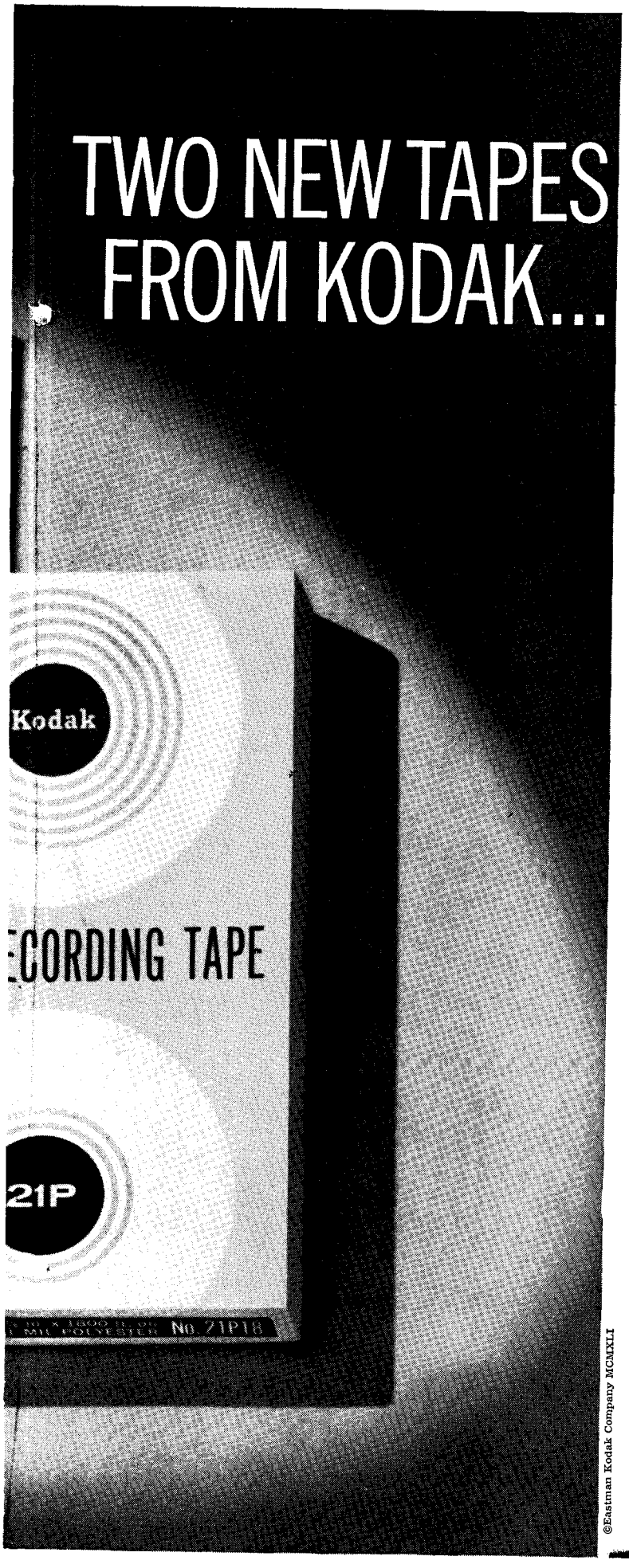

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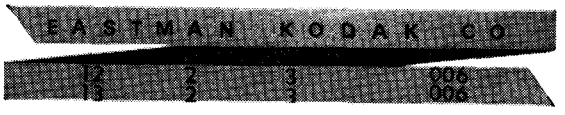

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creativity and insight are qualities necessary if such gathered information is to be formulated in terms meaningful to others.

Social science does differ from literature in this important respect. A social scientist may be expected to publish the results of his pilot study, his beginning efforts, so a wider community of scholars may share his experience and responsible criticism. The novelist presents only his completed and refined work in publication.

Mr. Krutch's comments are welcome, I am sure, as part of the desired criticism. But responsible criticism would recognize the status of a pilot study and would refrain from castigating the infant because it is not a giant. To argue that the infant can never become a giant is another argument, of course, and would require a more careful evaluation of the infant's intellectual parents, and its current processes of growth.

ROBERT HERRICK,
Department of Sociology,
Westmar College.

Le Mars, Iowa

Beatniks and Boyniks

MY CONGRATULATIONS to John Ciardi for his article on Hugh Hefner and the Playboy Clubs [*SR*, Nov. 21]. Mr. Ciardi has expressed eloquently what many people have been thinking since the advent of the Hefnerian philosophy.

It is too bad that most Playboys do not read such magazines as *Saturday Review*. But then again, maybe it is not, because the clubs might be quite empty if their members read the article carefully.

It is very easy to condemn Hefner and his Playboys, but we must never lose sight of the fact that such institutions are a product of the society in which we live. Perhaps we are as much to blame for the religion of detachment as are the Boyniks and the Beatniks. Mr. Ciardi's article forces us to take stock of our own values and ideals as juxtaposed with those of the Playboy. It may not be a pleasant experience but it certainly will be a profitable one.

Hugh Hefner may be able to stuff his pipe with fifty-dollar bills, but he will never be able to stuff thinking people with his philosophy of life.

WILLIAM CRAYCRAFT,
Harvard University.

Cambridge, Mass.

JOHN CIARDI'S piece on Boyniks and Beatniks is one of the finest things I have read for a long time in any publication. It belongs in college anthologies and handbooks for prospective writers and newspapermen. It is a classic of periodical writing because it draws from the thing under current observation something of deep and permanent human significance. As a forty-six-year member of the Adam and Eve Club (not to mention a retired dean and professor and former editor of professional journals), I salute Mr. Ciardi and *SR*, and congratulate both on a masterpiece.

HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE.

Washington, D.C.

Poetry and Policy

YOUR PUBLICATION OF the poem "High School in Buffalo" [*SR*, Oct. 26] has, of course, shocked us because of its insult to the Buffalo community; but it has also made us wonder whether *SR* has suffered a change of editorial personnel and policy. We subscribe to your magazine for our school library, and we have trustingly recommended it to our "sons and daughters" as a magazine of good taste. Then into our homes and our schools comes "High School in Buffalo."

This poem is indeed typical of many inferior plays, best-sellers, art productions, musical compositions, and other "cultural" products of our confused leaders in the arts. Have we such a dearth of talent today, or has it been so stifled that only this sort of psychological, pseudo-intellectualism comes to the market place?

Please do not attribute this letter merely to our hurt feelings as Buffalonians. It is true we were pricked into consciousness by the allusion to our city, our schools, our young people, and parents. However, we are now more interested in the future editorial trend of *SR*. The poem has been printed and the damage has been done. To repair adequately is impossible.

MARTIN O'DONNELL, Principal,*
Grover Cleveland High School.

Buffalo, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's poetry editor, John Ciardi, makes a relevant observation in his book "How Does a Poem Mean?": "W. H. Auden was once asked what advice he would give a young man who wished to become a poet. Auden replied that he would ask the young man why he wanted to write poetry. If the answer was 'because I have something important to say,' Auden would conclude that there was no hope for that young man as a poet. If on the other hand the answer was something like 'because I like to hang around words and overhear them talking to one another,' then that young man was at least interested in a fundamental part of the poetic process and there was hope for him. When one 'message-hunts' a poem (i.e., goes through the poem with no interest except in its paraphraseable content) he is approaching the writing as did the young man with 'something important to say.'" In other words, a poem is not generally intended as a statement of specific fact, as an assertion in prose may be. Specifically, David Posner's "High School in Buffalo," as we read it, was written as a poetic experience rather than as a literal statement. Certainly no denigration of a specific high school in a specific city was intended.*

* This letter was also signed by the following faculty members at Grover Cleveland High School: Angelo J. Gianturco, Assistant Principal, Francis H. Davidson, Genevieve Geraty, Mary Joan Haas, Maxine K. Kelly, Geralda M. Glaser, Robert W. Miller, Louis H. Zrebiec, Thomas F. Fiorella, Epifanio J. Sara, L. B. Powalski, James Ulaszewski, Ruth Wolff, Jessie Shepard, Thomas G. Frank, George W. Kuhn, Elsie T. Mache, Helen Lang, Raymond J. Fahey, James Tucholski, Martha Mugridge, Bruno Pileggi, Helen K. Cronin, Doris Colligan, Kathryn Harrington, Diana E. Betz, Arthur J. Miller, Rose Krier, Florence C. Welch.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Barber Concerto—Campora, di Stefano

THE best recent work by an American not to receive an award of the New York Music Critics Circle began its second winter of prominence (more than forty performances are scheduled for it between now and spring) with Josef Krips conducting and John Browning as piano soloist last week in Philharmonic Hall. Identification of Browning as the soloist should leave no doubt that the work was Samuel Barber's Piano Concerto, for he was the soloist when it had its first (and highly successful) performance during the inaugural week of the hall a year ago.

The high success of the work and its failure to win the award, coveted or otherwise, of the Critics Circle are not necessarily related. It was the judgment of the Circle that the long newspaper strike and the equally long lapse in the coverage of concerts made an award impracticable. However, the Barber Concerto had won the recognition due to it long before the strike started, and it was, in a sense, penalized for being heard too soon.

As between an award and the warm reception the work received on its introduction to the repertory of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, there is little doubt that Barber, who was present to bow his thanks, would prefer the latter. It is no small accomplishment in these days of compositional fads and factions to strike an immediate and unmistakable balance between a securely aristocratic style and a strong emotional appeal. Thanks to his particular kind of fortitude in following the bent of his own talent and allowing others to bend under the burden of aping fashion, Barber has evolved a tonal language that has artistic individuality as well as a meaningful vocabulary. This would not necessarily work for anyone else, but it works for him, because it is a natural growth from the music he was writing twenty-five years ago and more.

On this rehearing after a year, the first movement still carries less persuasion than the second and third. It doesn't, it seems to me, quite make a logical case for its procedures, though the summation, thanks to Barber's compositional resource, is beautifully formulated. However, there are few other slow movements by Americans (when you have mentioned the Andante of the Gershwin Concerto in F, you have about exhausted the list) which succeed so eloquently in establishing a mood and making a whole experience of it. Quite as good in its own way is the finale, which is brilliantly conceived to make the most of the performer's own brilliance.

Clearly Browning had added to his knowledge of the work in the year he has been playing it, especially in some details of the first and last movements. He plays it with the confidence and affection some of his colleagues lavish on Rachmaninoff and Prokofieff, and will, no doubt, also summon for the Barber when they have the opportunity. Thus far it is his property to enjoy as well as extol, and he plainly does both with enthusiasm.

Krips did as much for the preceding Second Symphony of Alexei Haieff as he did for the orchestral score of the Barber, but there is much less that can be

done with it. With or without respect for its origin as a piano sonata, it is a spare, not to say sparse, score, in which the composer is absorbed more with details of texture than an expression of sentiment. It struck me that the first, fugal, movement would have done better as a finale, for it makes a rather uninviting prologue to anything that follows. However, if one respects Barber for following his persuaded beliefs, the same honor must be accorded Haieff.

AS the Metropolitan's currently No. 1 "French soprano," Anna Moffo is supporting responsibility for Marguerite in a restoration of *Faust*, as she is the principal role in the new production of *Manon*. In the former, as in the latter, she is dependent more on vocal aptitude, good looks, and a natural instinct for the stage than she is on useful indoctrination. This was sufficient to carry her through a charming version of the "Roi de Thulé" ballad and a lively "Jewel Song," but it did not suffice for the more dramatic demands that follow. The realistic prescription for Miss Moffo would be to sing a few roles many times rather than many roles a few times, as has been her tendency of late.

Easily the best accomplishment of this *Faust* was the adroitly acted, mostly well sung Méphistophélès of Cesare Siepi. He has now acquired sufficient experience with the tailcoated, top-hatted Devil of Peter Brook's production to play him with some of the debonair ease of his Don Giovanni. Mario Sereni has good qualifications for the role of Valentin, as Rosalind Elias has for those of Siebel, allowing for the resources of wig and costume that convert a palpable "her" into an improbable "him."

What this endeavor most generously lacked was what it could least spare—an acceptable performance of the title role. Nicolai Gedda's continued absence was the occasion for a stern expedient, an emergency call for Giuseppe Campora, who has not been a member of the company since 1959. An intelligent and tasteful singer as always, Campora's vocal resources are seriously curtailed by a) physical inability to produce his top tones, or b) a loss of confidence in his ability to do so. In either case, he came close to losing control of the Top B in the Kermesse scene and got past a similar challenge in "Salut, demeure" (a transposition from the written C) by working around it. This is doubly deplorable, as the voice retains much of its lyric charm otherwise.

THE kind of Italian singing that generates enthusiasm, or the kind of Italian enthusiasm that generates singing, met on a common ground when another Giuseppe of note, this one di Stefano, entertained a full house of devotees in Carnegie Hall. In place of the supple, responsive instrument he once employed with abandon and a modicum of art, di Stefano now provides a rather inflexible, if still glowing sound, manipulated with every resource of the tenor's technique. Some of this is literally sleight-of-hand, as in "Nessun dorma" from Puccini's *Turandot*, where a B or B flat (the actuality was in between) at the end was redeemed with an outward lunge of the left hand at the audience. But there was also a lexicon of vocal effects—pianissimi, mezza di voce, head tones, etc.—in his Sicilian songs. The vagrant thought that di Stefano's known abilities might be called upon to serve the Metropolitan in its current shortage of tenor talent was discouraged by the lack of evidence to prove he could meet a demanding evening of singing on equal terms. For any connoisseurs who might have ventured in, a further nostalgic interest was provided by the artistry of the resourceful Ivor Newton at the piano.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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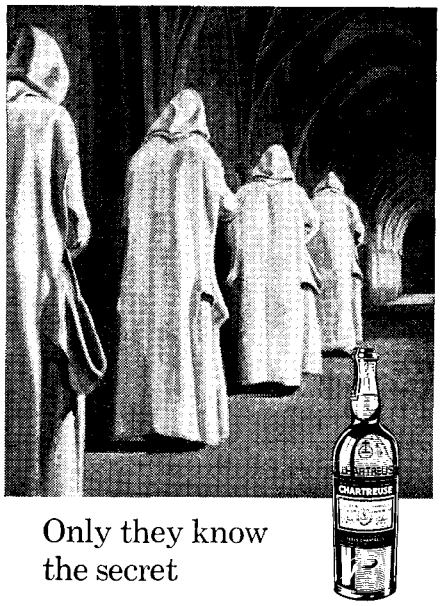

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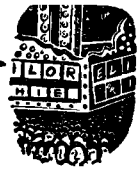

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Persistence of Memory

WHILE making his new film, *Muriel*, Alain Resnais gave some thought to another and perhaps more applicable title, *The Time of the Return*. For the focus of what sparse suggestions of "story" he has provided in this intricate and subtle film is on a woman of thirty-seven whose name is not Muriel at all, but Helene. This woman runs a cluttered antique shop in the rebuilt city of Boulogne, nurses memories of the grand passion of her youth, finally locates the man, who is something of a smooth fraud, and invites him to come and stay with her.

Where, then, is Muriel? She, we may gather, exists only in the nightmarish memory of a youth, a former conscript in the Algerian war, who has seen a girl tortured for the information she is supposed to possess. The young man, Bernard, might be, and again might not be, the son of Helene. All we really know is that he lives with her and leads a fragmented existence in which he can find no path to the future.

Resnais, in this evocation of a present-day mood, is preoccupied by the flux of time, by the effect that memory, accurate or enhanced by imagination, has on the actions of people. But because he is so chary with the details that might make his characters more comprehensible to the audience, his film seems remote and curiously cold. Two viewings, as some critics have already suggested, might make matters clearer for us, but that would be asking a lot, because the suggestion assumes that we have become involved enough in the problems of the people to require clarification.

Is Helene, for instance, that interesting? Beautifully played as she is by Delphine Seyrig (the heroine of *Last Year at Marienbad*), she is, when we meet her, a rather ordinary woman who has led a disappointing, disorganized life and who hopes that a remeeting with her old love, Alphonse, might provide her with the romantic love she has been wishfully seeking. Alphonse responds to her invitation to come and visit her, bringing with him his "niece," who is most likely his mistress, a practical-minded, self-seeking little starlet. Alphonse had once been an actor and keeps his eyes open for whatever opportunities might come his way. Told more conventionally, the situation might have developed a dramatic spark, but because Resnais uses his camera to explore the city, attempting to show the impingement of environment on the very thinly developed main figures, all is diluted.

There are a few intriguing moments when Helene and Alphonse remember the past. Did something happen? "Yes," insists Helene. "No," Alphonse says adamantly. Thus brought out is the point that memory plays tricks, that one is inclined to remember what one wants to remember, and the truth is almost impossible to reach. But this is not the "story," we find. At the very moment the pregnant conversation is taking place, a certain Monsieur de Smok is waiting for the elevator to take him up to Helene's apartment. The camera shifts to him, while the sound track continues the original conversation. Perhaps Monsieur de Smok is going to provide us with some clues as to what is happening or about to happen. But no, the man is merely part of Helene's life, he's around a good deal, but he doesn't seem to mean much to her.

TIME, memory, change, flux—these are what Resnais feels it important to reconstruct, rather than the too simple elements of a story. He uses his camera very well, the pictorial elements have taste, the color photography is good yet only adds to the prevailing flatness of tone. Resnais wants to expand film-making horizons; he is an inveterate experimentalist; but the kind of expressiveness he seeks requires, unfortunately, the use of language. He is either putting too much faith in the camera or asking the audience to see a good deal more than meets the eye.

It would be wrong to say that this highly sensitive director has failed with *Muriel*, because he has done exactly what he wanted to do. But precision alone does not answer an audience's needs, unless that audience can stand two hours of hints that lead to no solution, of glimpses of people and situations bound up in some unspecific interrelationship. It is as though Resnais knows intimately the characters that Jean Cayrol, who wrote the script, has provided, but is unwilling to allow us to share this intimate knowledge. He has left us grasping at straws, and straws simply aren't enough to provide a rich experience. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The See Around Us

WASHINGTON, D.C.

LIKE the Aldous Huxley book on which it is based, the recently deceased John Whiting's last play, *The Devils*, stimulates us to think profoundly about the relationship of our experiences to their religious implications. Happily, it does this without being the least bit moral in tone. Indeed, it demonstrates that "moral people" are the worst kind. For morality is temporal and pertains to what the world says we should think and do. True virtue, on the other hand, depends upon our relationship with a spiritual totality of which the world is only a part.

The American premiere of this remarkable play at Washington's Arena Stage imaginatively turns the entire theatre into the seventeenth-century town of Loudun. We are not looking *at* the town; we are *in* it. And the center acting area becomes the forum for whatever event is of greatest concern to us in this realistic chronicle of a voluptuary priest who finds his way to fullest grace through sex, love, and the excruciating pain of torture.

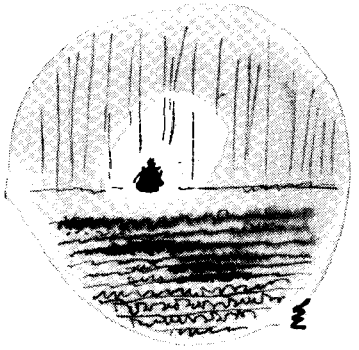
As Father Grandier, Hurd Hatfield begins in a somewhat too deliberately vain and fashionable manner, so that we tend not to recognize immediately in Grandier a man who *is*—rather than who is trying to *appear*—the total esthete. But with the advent of trouble, Mr. Hatfield's interpretation becomes more engrossing and Grandier's disciplined self-transcendence is ultimately convincing. George Ebeling's portrayal of the Bishop whose search for self-transcendence proceeds via the opposite route of self-denial is so constantly fervent that we are occasionally led to suspect not asceticism but self-indulgent satisfaction in his spiritual victory over temptations of the flesh. While this was probably not the author's intention, it adds an interesting irony to the character and allows him to be most amusing in delivering with undisguised snobbishness such a line as "If there's anyone I distrust it is the good citizen going about his civic duty."

The role of Sister Jeanne, the hunchbacked nun whose sexual cravings lead her to the convenient and deluded belief that she is possessed by devils visited upon her by Grandier, calls for hysteria and grotesque behavior. And Elizabeth Lawrence supplies these difficult manifestations fully and well. But her interpretation tends to leave us with a Sister Jeanne who is a psychotic case history rather than a unique and special human being whose ultimate finding of extreme beauty in the mutilated Grandier constitutes the real emotional climax of the play.

Possibly these qualities were sought by director Zelda Fichandler, and any criticism of them is paled by the high standards her staging consistently achieves in every role and every scene. At one point Miss Fichandler uses her theatre inspiredly as she creates the horror of herd-intoxication by use of figures rushing about the pitch-black auditorium carrying lanterns. And although the theatre-in-the round form has disadvantages (both in its lack of fixed focus and in its intimacy, which forbids the sort of trick that works effectively on the picture-frame stage), Miss Fichandler's thorough attention to detail and her sense of just how far each piece of theatrical violence can be carried without seeming artificial have preserved the shape and effectiveness of this production. Credit must also go to scene designer Vincent Piacenti, Jr., lighting designer Leo Gallenstein, and the other Arena Stage artists who handle a most complex production without error or apparent strain. In their hands, *The Devils* emerges as a larger and more profound piece of work than the slightly more theatrical *Luther* or *A Man for All Seasons*.

A more innocent play about religion than any of the above is Langston Hughes's *Tambourines to Glory*, currently raising the roof at Broadway's newly reopened Little Theatre. This new show combines the honestly observed colorfulness of Harlem life that made *Simply Heavenly* so entertaining, with the Gospel-singing that emanated so joyously from *Black Nativity*. Under Nikos Psacharopoulos's direction, Louis Gosset's pimp, Hilda Simms's sophisticated lady, Rosetta Le Noire's tough but reverent mother, and Clara Ward's possessed Gospel-singer are all memorable portraits in a nominal plot that is only there to warm them and us up.

—HENRY HEWES.



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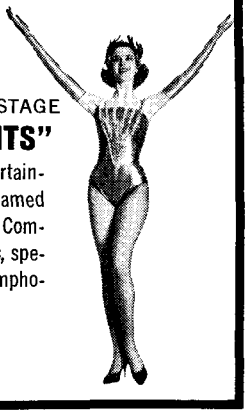

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The Greatest Debate

LONDON.

THE equivalent here of our *Congressional Record* is *The Hansard Report,* a publication giving a verbatim account of debates in Parliament. It was first published in the early nineteenth century by Mr. T. C. Hansard. Also named for him, but having no connection with the *Hansard Report,* is the Hansard Society for Parliamentary Government, a nonprofit educational body for promoting parliamentary government in all parts of the world. This society has recently published *The Case for Televising Parliament,* a pamphlet by Robin Day, a commentator and interviewer for BBC Television. "Six years ago," writes Mr. Day, "after suffering the frustrations of a Parliamentary reporter trying to describe six-hour debates in two-minute verbal reports on TV, I began asking leading Parliamentarians about televising the House. 'Over my dead body' was the most frequent reply, but some at least were open-minded. Even so, no one took it very seriously." Since then, Parliament has relented a bit and has allowed television cameras to transmit the pageantry and symbolism of the State Opening at Westminster. And in 1959 Aneurin Bevan shocked many of his colleagues in the House of Commons by advocating "a serious investigation . . . into the technical possibilities of televising Parliamentary proceedings."

The government asked the BBC to make a report, but it was never published. By March of 1963, the issue had gathered enough steam to warrant remarks on it by front-bench speakers on both sides of the House. "The most conservative view," says Robin Day in his pamphlet, "came from the Labor Chief Whip, who attacked the whole idea as 'frightening. . . . I do not want Parliament to become an alternative to *That Was the Week That Was. . . .*'" More recently, Liberal and Tory leaders have been converted to the idea of some sort of television treatment of Parliament. Television has played an important role in the current spectacular political events in London, and opinion seems to be slowly building up in favor of an investigation by the House of Commons committee into all aspects of the question—constitutional, technical, and financial. Against this background, Mr. Day formally states the case for an edited TV version of debates in the House of Commons, to be presented in the late evening.

The question is: Who would do the editing and on what principles? Mr. Day argues that TV executives and commentators have developed an expertise in such matters, and that they are capable of making responsible and fair editorial judgments. A television *Hansard,* writes the BBC commentator would not be a producer's creation but a report of a public event. The fact that it was televised daily, over a period of time, would provide opportunity for correcting any imbalances that might occur. The BBC is reported to be unofficially in favor of the experiment and would probably like to put it on its new Channel 2, which is expected to be on the air next April.

The BBC is sitting back and waiting for the push to come from the House. Past declarations of MPs on the question have shown a four-to-one opposition. Many of those who are against the proposal fear that the traditional "atmosphere of debate" in Parliament would be degraded. "This House has its moods," argued one MP. "It has its hilarious moods, its serious moods, and very often when an important statement is imminent we are . . . apprehensive and giggle and behave rather like schoolgirls. I think . . . it is right that Members of Parliament should react in that way." Labor members, who already have to contend with "a predominantly anti-Labor press," fear that the supposedly impartial independence of the networks might result in a critical attitude which (once Labor came to office) might appear anti-government. Opposition also comes from members who are behind-the-scenes specialists and not particularly good in front of the cameras. A more subtle form of opposition stems from the current TV stars of Parliament, those who now get all the invitations to participate in public affairs panel shows, interviews, and debates. They hold back lest their colleagues suspect them of pushing themselves forward, and also, possibly, lest letting all the crowd in should destroy a good thing.

But Parliament, Mr. Day asserts, is the chief loser in its present wariness of television cameras. The big show that currently reaches the public is all outside the House and not the real thing. Political "balance" is exclusively in the hands of the harassed bureaucrats at Lime Grove and Television House, the headquarters of the networks. Why should important decisions about political emphasis rest with the broadcasting authorities? "A most humiliating state of affairs . . . ," said Aneurin Bevan. "Members of Parliament in responsible positions selected by unrepresentative persons to have an opportunity of appearing on the radio or television . . . . Political alternatives are not placed before the people in realistic fashion." It is one thing, says Mr. Day, to have a Member of Parliament responding to questions by interviewers, however vigorous and incisive, and quite another to have him clashing on the floor of the House with other members. A television *Hansard,* runs the argument, would re-establish intelligent communication between the House of Commons and the electorate as a whole. It would enhance the slipping prestige of Parliament, which is out of touch with the people. It would tone up and sharpen the wooly rhetoric of many members. It would encourage the arts of persuasion and argument.

Americans who would like to see a televised *Congressional Record* can only wish good luck to the proponents of a television *Hansard.* Representative bodies seem to have an occupational dread of reporters. The House of Commons, in 1783, was alarmed by the "great presumption" of journalists in reporting its proceedings; it declared it "a high indignity and notorious breach of privilege to print accounts of debates." But the press won its fight, and so, inevitably, will television.

Fortunately, however, Britain has a channel available for a television *Hansard.* Who would carry a TV *Congressional Record* in the United States? There are also other differences. Britain has a great parliamentary tradition and no local parliaments. We have fifty states with local governments, and a Congress that does much of its work in committees. Nonetheless, why shouldn't Congress open its doors to electronic journalism for the important debates on the floor?

A final word about the audience. The West German government televised important debates some time ago. A high official who took part visited a barber afterwards. The barber studied his face and then said: "I've seen you somewhere before but I can't place you." "Perhaps on television," admitted the official, identifying himself. "Ah, yes," said the barber. "I remember now." "And what was your reaction to watching me debate on television?" the official asked. The barber thought carefully and replied: "I recall thinking what a wonderful head of hair that would be to cut." —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Plenty of Room at the Tomb

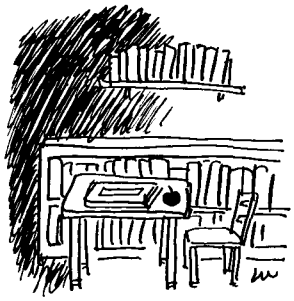
FIVE years ago J. P. Donleavy, American born but educated in Ireland, published his first novel, *The Ginger Man* (*SR*, May 10, 1958). This is the story of a blackguard, a scoundrel who does not have, as scoundrels in fiction so often do, a heart of gold. In fact, as I said in my review, if he had been given a heart of gold, he would have pawned it. The story is told with great vigor, much coarse humor, and enough originality to give it distinction. In spite of the novel's faults, which are the results of a fertile but undisciplined imagination, it made me feel that Donleavy was an interesting writer, and that feeling was strengthened when, by a lucky chance, I saw an experimental production of his play, *Fairy Tales of New York*.

His second novel, *A Singular Man* (Little, Brown, $6) is a disappointment. I find in it few of the virtues of *The Ginger Man*, whereas the faults of that book are exaggerated to a point that approaches self-parody. Sebastian Dangerfield in *The Ginger Man* is a solid if startling character, but George Smith is a collection of fragments, a series of preliminary sketches, not a finished portrait.

There are only two things we know for certain about Smith: he has a lot of money and better than average sex equipment. The latter he was presumably born with. Where the money came from we never learn, for Donleavy is coy about the sources of his hero's income. He has an office, in which he appears to do nothing at all, with the aid of a couple of secretaries. He literally throws money away; he has a bullet-proof limousine, a word that Donleavy chooses to spell "limozine"; and he is having built for himself a mausoleum of unprecedented dimensions. The fortune with which he accomplishes these things, for all the reader ever discovers, may have been bestowed on him by a fairy godmother, though some of the characters in the story believe its origin less reputable than that.

The novel is largely concerned with George Smith's love life, which is, to say the least, complicated. As we are told well on in the book, he has a sexy and demanding wife and four children stashed away in the country. He sees as little of his wife as possible, but when he does go to take Christmas presents to his less than affectionate children, he finds himself in bed with her. Most of the time, however, he is in other beds. He is strongly attracted to Sally Tomson, who is for a time one of his secretaries, though she is in fact a well-known model under the name of Dizzy Darling. His permanent secretary, the dreary Miss Martin, is frightened into his bed by a spider. His Negro maid, Matilda, encourages intimacy by going about his apartment in advanced stages of undress. There is also an older bedfellow referred to as Her Majesty, though what kind of queen she is is not made clear. His relations with these persons are described in a frank and bawdy fashion, though it must be said that Donleavy is not so tediously detailed in recounting such episodes as are some of his contemporaries.

Various other matters occupy Donleavy's attention. Smith receives a series of anonymous threatening letters, and a good deal of space is given to these communications and to Smith's replies, which make extensive use of words that were once taboo. The relevance of the letters to the story is never clear. An old friend of Smith's, by the name of Bonniface, is introduced, and there are some episodes that display his inveterate bad luck. A number of scenes are quite mad: several wild parties, a couple of skirmishes with street urchins, Smith's drunken scattering of bills of large denominations from the balcony of Her Majesty's apartment, and a fight in the subway. Whatever else may be true, Smith's life cannot be called uneventful.



The novel is written in a curiously staccato style:

> Empty hall outside room 604. Save coming round the corner. A cleaning woman with a waxing machine. Ma-

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dame thanks for your closet. Smith opening, closing 604 tightly and locking the door. Miss Martin standing defenceless in her coat. Here, allow me Miss Martin. To divest you of this. Hang it up. Sad girl. Just light your lamp over your desk. See the nice glow. Quite an afternoon. Of near explosions. Riots. Peanut catching in the mouth. And a mobbing by reporters. Finally Miss Martin you said you poor sweet.

This style, with all its idiosyncrasies of punctuation, is sometimes amusing and sometimes, especially in certain stream-of-consciousness passages, rather effective, but 402 pages of it is a lot. Donleavy employed much the same manner in *The Ginger Man,* but with greater flexibility and an air of spontaneity. Here many pages seem unhappily labored. As in the earlier book, Donleavy moves freely from first person to third and back again.

Donleavy has written a fable about a man who has everything—*i.e.*, money and sex—and the point of it is, I suppose, that he gets no great satisfaction from either. His one constructive use of the money, significantly enough, is the building of his grotesque mausoleum. As for his sexual encounters, although he suggests that the women have a lot of fun, he does not have much himself. Even in the most intimate moments his mind, whose processes he describes in detail, is occupied with trivial and often unpleasant matters.

I ASSUME that Donleavy is trying to comment seriously on the emptiness of contemporary American life, but his hero is so unrepresentative, so truly "singular," and is, furthermore, so sketchily presented that I am not much impressed. In his play, which is also absurd and extravagant, he makes some sharp thrusts, but in the novel he misses the mark more often than not. There are a few scenes in which his strong feeling for the incongruous creates laughable effects, and some of the dialogue is entertaining in a mad way, but for considerable periods of time the reader is likely to wonder why in the world Donleavy bothered to write the book. We do know that Smith is one of the alienated heroes so common in modern fiction, that in that sense too he is "singular," isolated, alone, but it is hard to care very much.

Perhaps Donleavy's failure can be explained. Although *The Ginger Man* presumably is not in any literal sense an autobiographical novel, one feels that much of the author's personality and many of his experiences are in it. In *A Singular Man,* on the other hand, Donleavy has tried to create a character detached from himself, and he has not quite been able to give reality to his invention. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

BOOKS IN THE NEWS

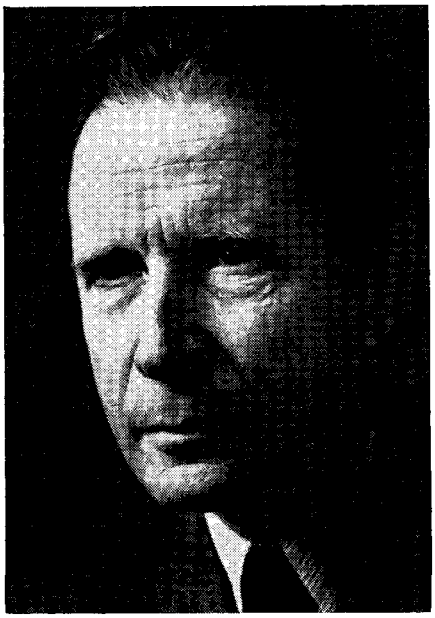
When a Dragon and a Bear Disagree

***Peking and Moscow,** by Klaus Mehnert, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (Putnam. xv, 522 pp. $6.95), and **The New Cold War: Moscow v. Pekin,** by Edward Crankshaw (Penguin Books. 167 pp. Paperback. 65¢), offer timely and informed appraisals of the widening gulf between the two great centers of Communist power. Philip E. Mosely, director of the European Institute of Columbia University, is the author of "The Kremlin and World Politics."*

By PHILIP E. MOSELY

THE INCREASINGLY bitter clash between the two major Communist states has become, since 1960, a new and basic factor in world politics. Its consequences, which are probably far from clear to the principals, are even more baffling to outside observers. Why have Moscow and Peking ripped to pieces the façade, so long and carefully cherished, of a "monolithic" movement? Will they press their ideological hatred to the point of calling separate international congresses and setting up distinct Internationals? What does their split mean for India, for other peoples of Asia, for the West?

Klaus Mehnert, author of *Soviet Man and His World,* has unusual qualifications for undertaking this task. In addition to having made thirteen visits to Russia, before World War II and since 1955, he has also lived in China for five years (1941-1946) and revisited it twice, in 1957 and 1959. To a high degree Mehnert combines the journalist's skill in posing the most important questions and the researcher's persistence in seeking out and fitting together the bits and pieces of evidence. The result of his travels and labors is an enlightening and readable, comparative study of the evolution of Russian and Chinese societies. Into it Mehnert has dovetailed a shrewd reconstruction of the sources and stages of the Sino-Soviet rift, along with a clear statement of the emerging political and ideological issues.



Klaus Mehnert—"enlightening."

Peking and Moscow offers the reader much more than is implied by its title. From his experiences as a detached observer who has lived within both societies, Mehnert has drawn a broad sketch of the traditional ways of life and systems of power that have given each of these two peoples its own strong cultural imprint. He shows, with carefully chosen and provocative detail, the differing impact of "the West" on Russia and on China. Avoiding the temptation to "prove" the inevitability of Communist revolution in either country, Mehnert traces the specific vulnerabilities of their traditional structures and the revolutionary impact of Marxism-Leninism on them.

Against this rich background he then traces the complex interaction of Soviet and Chinese Communism from the 1920s to mid-1963. Mao's repugnance for Soviet ambitions to achieve Communist affluence and Khrushchev's scorn for Peking's "leap forward" of 1958 stand out sharply as political landmarks in the growing estrangement.

In *The New Cold War: Moscow v. Pekin* Edward Crankshaw, a keen observer and analyst, focuses primarily on the emergence of the Moscow-Peking rivalry since the International Communist Congress of 1957. What makes his account especially important is that he has made use of inside accounts of the protracted and crucial struggles that took place in 1960 before and during the Moscow Conference of Communist Parties. By quoting *verbatim* from reports and summaries of discussion, Crankshaw clarifies the sources of

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the rift between Moscow and Peking; he also makes plain the dismay and confusion that befell the other Communist parties as the old certainties of dogma were shattered by round after round of ideological grapeshot.

Crankshaw is bolder than Mehnert in predicting the future course of the rift. He believes, above all, that neither Moscow nor Peking can henceforth halt the drift, or the rush, of the separate Communist parties toward national autonomy and independence of judgment. The Italian party, in his view, is merely setting the pace for the transformation of all Communist parties into national entities. He leaves unanswered, however, the question whether most of the other parties possess sufficient intellectual vigor and material resources to follow the Italian example. Both Crankshaw and Mehnert warn the West not to underestimate the attraction that the Maoist path of revolutionary violence holds or may come to hold for many ex-colonial peoples that are just becoming aware of the attractions of modernization and of the tremendous obstacles to their achieving it in an orderly and gradualist way.

In the title of his book, and here and there within it, Crankshaw implies that "the new Cold War" between Moscow and Peking may result in thrusting into the background "the old Cold War" between Soviet and American policies. Yet he also finds both Soviet and Chinese Communist leaderships bent on containing and destroying America's political and strategic influence. They disagree primarily, both he and Mehnert conclude, over how best to destroy America's position in world politics.

Since the launching of the Soviet

(*Continued on page* 55)

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1059

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1059 will be found in the next issue.

EDZG FXDWF NH YQW; EDW-

XNG MDCKXF.

EQNEGRQWCNGF

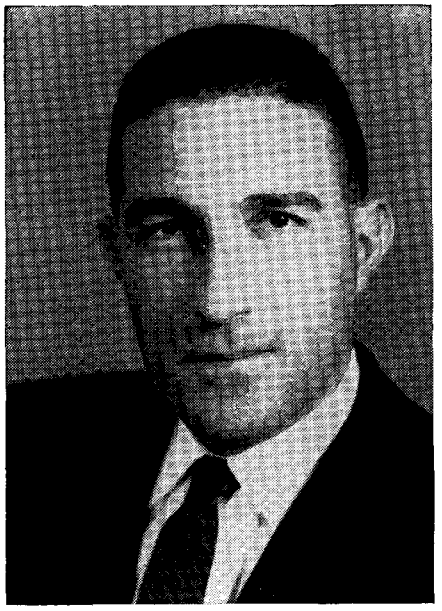
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1058

Progress celebrates pyrrhic victories over nature.

—KARL KRAUS.

THE AMERICAN WAY

Long Live the Wild Land



Udall—sensitive to the concepts of philosophers and poets.

***The Quiet Crisis,** by Stewart L. Udall (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 209 pp. $5), chronicles the big raid on our natural resources, and its consequences. Fairfield Osborn, chairman of The Conservation Foundation, wrote "Our Plundered Planet" and "The Limits of the Earth."*

By FAIRFIELD OSBORN

CONSERVATION is a pervasive subject, and the emphasis of those who write about it ranges from the spiritual values of wilderness, to the threats to wildlife, to the use and development of water resources, to desirable methods in agriculture. Such complex questions as regional and civic planning and, latterly, the consequences of air pollution and its effect on human health are also involved. The fact is, of course, that the term *conservation* actually does deal with an array of contemporary problems that bear upon the psychological, social, and physical welfare of man. In *The Quiet Crisis* Stewart Udall is concerned that "America today stands poised on a pinnacle of wealth and power, yet we live in a land of vanishing beauty, of increasing ugliness, of shrinking open space, and of an over-all environment that is diminished daily by pollution and noise and blight. This, in brief," he writes, "is the quiet conservation crisis of the 1960s."

One of the virtues of his book is the vivid manner in which he recapitulates the relation of man to the land since the earliest inhabitants of this continent. He tells us again about the reverence of the native American for the life-giving earth, and notes that the warrior chief Tecumseh, in his reply to the demands of white buyers, expressed the philosophy of nearly all the Indian tribes: "Sell the country? . . . Why not sell the air, the clouds, the great sea?" Property ownership was not involved in the Indian concept. As Iroquois tradition put it, "The land is our mother." Which explains the passionate resistance of the Indians to the arrival of the white man, who wished to acquire land for settlers, if possible by purchase, but if necessary by force.

Mr. Udall recalls the policies of Thomas Jefferson and his contemporaries, Albert Gallatin and Alexander Hamilton, which resulted in the creation of the public domain—immense areas of which were subsequently sold to meet the war debts of the government. And afterwards came the Louisiana Purchase, through which the white man acquired the heartland of the continent.

The story of the conquest of the West has often been told; nevertheless, in reading Mr. Udall's chapter "The White Indian" one can only marvel again at the accomplishments of the nation's first explorers—extraordinary men like Daniel Boone, Lewis and Clark, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and Jed Smith. Incredible changes have taken place in our country since their day.

There came, Mr. Udall reminds us, that dreadful period, commencing in the early part of the last century, when the raids upon our natural resources inflicted almost irreparable damage upon our wildlife, agricultural lands, and forests—a time indeed that no American can forget, for we even now are endeavoring to repair the damages.

> It was [Mr. Udall writes] the intoxicating profusion of the American continent which induced a state of mind that made waste and plunder inevitable. A temperate continent, rich in soils and minerals and forests and wildlife, enticed men to think in terms of infinity rather than facts, and produced an overriding fallacy that was nearly our undoing—the Myth of Superabundance. According to the myth, our resources were inexhaustible. It was an assumption that made wise manage-

(*Continued on page* 49)

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Proof That Money Isn't Everything

Culture Against Man, *by Jules Henry (Random House. 495 pp. $7.95), examines concretely the fears that beset our abundant society. Robert Stein, editor of Redbook magazine, received the 1961 Richard L. Neuberger Award for "raising the standards of magazines as a medium of democratic communication."*

By ROBERT STEIN

IN A book that he describes as a "passionate ethnography," Jules Henry, professor of anthropology and sociology at Washington University in St. Louis, employs the results of trained observation to illustrate some deeply felt convictions about present-day America.

Our culture, in his view, is suffering from "the effects of almost 150 years of lopsided preoccupation with amassing wealth and raising its standard of living." This process, which requires that consumer demand constantly outrace production, results in loosening of the individual's traditional controls over his impulses (to make him an insatiable buyer), loss of security and satisfaction in his work (since what he produces does not correspond to actual needs), and emotional retreat into family life and "fun" (because the outer world denies him opportunity to feel either creative or useful).

Since these are familiar indictments, the value of Dr. Henry's book lies less in the development of his ideas than in the distinctive images that he offers to reinforce them. He takes us—through his own observations and those of researchers under his direction—into elementary and high-school classrooms, into the homes and hangouts of teenagers, into the daily lives of families with psychotic children, and into institutions for the aged. The result is a series of striking vignettes: a second-grade teacher struggling to maintain her composure in the near-chaos of a permissive classroom; a pair of disturbed parents treating their four-year-old child as practically nonexistent during a restaurant meal; aged patients in a nursing home trying pathetically to hold, with their words and hands, the attention of young researchers.

In his attempts to relate these arresting observations to his underlying thesis, Dr. Henry is often less than persuasive. Devoting sixty-six pages to describing two families of psychotic children in compelling detail and with impressive psychiatric insight, he argues that these case histories demonstrate "that culture is a unified whole, even unto psychosis and death." But the reader finds himself resisting the argument that our particular culture has played a major role in creating these problems; except for minor detail, such families could exist in many other times and many other places. Similarly, the permissive classroom may well be a "training ground for the release of impulse and for the buddy-buddy relations of contemporary business, government and university." But one wonders if the permissive teacher, however misguided, is not acting primarily out of convictions about the individual needs of the children rather than the requirements of the culture.

Such reservations do not invalidate the underlying theme of *Culture Against Man*: that our society, in its drive toward higher and higher physical standards, makes it increasingly difficult for the individual to find emotional satisfaction. The plight of the aged is described with particular persuasiveness; everything is done to keep their bodies alive, nothing to preserve their sense of dignity or individual meaning.

The weakest links in Dr. Henry's chain of argument are those that depend on secondhand sources. An analysis of Soviet-American relations is one-dimensional in its insistence on the overriding importance of our "pathogenic fear" of Russia, and a chapter on advertising, while unassailable in its main points, is overelaborated and exaggerated. Using a blunderbuss to kill mice (as he often does), Dr. Henry spends a page dissecting—in such terms as *hyperbolic transformation, pecuniary identification, para-poetic statement,* and *monetization of time and status*—an advertisement for shirts that is merely silly in its attempt to exploit rather obvious emotional appeals.

While the general reader may quarrel with such one-sidedness, he will find the book as a whole a challenging personal statement by a gifted man with whom he may not always agree but whose insight and passion he must admire. Not the least of its attractions is the fact that *Culture Against Man* offers no glib solutions; only a few tentative remedies are suggested, among them, more emphasis on knowledge and order in the classroom and more trade with the Soviet Union as a way to peace.

"Man's most desperate problem," Dr. Henry concludes, "is to know his fears and not be so ruled by them that they destroy his creative resources." The chief contribution of *Culture Against Man* is its relentless examination, in concrete terms, of the fears that underlie our society.

"Is your living room blue or gray?"

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People on a Pleasure Hunt

***California: The New Society,** by Remi Nadeau (McKay. 303 pp. $5.50), worries about a people allegedly dedicated to the complete pursuit of private pleasure. Margaret Rose Freedman, who teaches English in Redwood City, California, was reared in the San Joaquin Valley.*

By MARGARET R. FREEDMAN

WHEN Californians decided to move West, according to Remi Nadeau, they forsook the security and settled viewpoint of the traditional society they had known. As a result, Californians are not bound by custom and conformity, but are—on the contrary—freed from restraint. They left behind oppression and class consciousness and can now be healthy and carefree. It is these people, constituting the new society, who have dedicated themselves to complete pursuit of private pleasure in a land where this is physically possible, a coastal state with any choice of climate and terrain—deserts, mountains, valleys, sun, snow, rivers, and lakes. California seems really to be "a sort of secular Kingdom Come."

The private pleasure this society pursues is the Good Life—sometimes called California Living: family togetherness at the barbecue pit (which, incidentally, may reach such proportions as to require an FHA loan), pool, lake, tennis courts, drive-in movie or restaurant, golf course, beach, tract home. The prerequisite for all this togetherness is, of course, leisure. Leisure and the Good Life by ordinary standards are indeed wholesome. The problem is that in chasing the Good Life the new society will eventually become no society at all, an "antisociety." Californians have reached a state of orientation to self and family to the point of complete abnegation of social responsibility. Communication outside the home has diminished so that democracy, which relies upon free interchange between members of the body, is destined to be affected.

What the import of this privatism may be to the nation Mr. Nadeau only hints at, but the dangers for California is clear: Will the new society in its craze for good times "lose sight of those more precious possessions which constitute the glory and the greatness of mankind . . ."? Mr. Nadeau suggests that satisfaction of all wants may not be the essence of happiness, and that in the end the Californian hungers for meaning in his life.

Californians will find this book extremely interesting and informative; to the nonresident much of it may seem incredible. The author has picked up such amusing sidelights as the fact that hillside homes are so immensely popular in Southern California that some owners must have a climber's rope to weed their gardens. And there are California cars that sport rear-window decals, reading "Pray for Surf." Dairy cows are so accustomed to milking machines in the highly automated farm areas that when one farmer's power failed, his cows balked at hand-milking efforts. In Southern California a worshipper may attend the Freeway Baptist Church. In the same area a laundromat doubles as an art gallery with paintings costing as much as $13,000. At least the marriage vow does not yet include "In sickness and in health, in scuba diving and in surfing. . . ."

Most large cities in the Southland require a new telephone book every few months. But up the coast in Carmel, progress is so resisted that the city councilmen take a monthly "Tree Tour" before issuing permits to cut limbs. Mr. Nadeau says Southern California "will not sit still for its portrait." At the same time, San Franciscans risk seeing their city become "the world's most picturesque mausoleum" if they clutch blindly at the past.

Mr. Nadeau treats in detail the diversity of the state. There is something for almost everyone: an analysis of the roles of the sexes in California, a discussion of how California's children differ from their counterparts elsewhere, a report on crime, the state of organized religion, and the status of motorcycling.

As a newspaperman, author, and member of a family that has lived in California for more than a century, Remi Nadeau has a special involvement with his subject. He writes with knowledge, perception, and wit. California both pleases and frightens him; he gives strong evidence for both his pleasure and his foreboding.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

W TO W

Here are twenty words (including place-names and people-names) which begin and end with the letter W. You are asked to supply the missing letters. Answers on page 55.

1. W _ W	huge success
2. W _ _ W	all-purpose interjection (surprise, disgust, relief)
3. W _ _ _ W	incomplete type-line at top of page three
4. W _ _ _ _ W	a graceful tree
5. W _ _ _ _ W	birthplace of President Andrew Jackson
6. W _ _ _ _ W	blow chaff from grain
7. W _ _ _ _ W	name of nine U.S. and one Canadian community
8. W _ _ _ _ W	roll around in mud, sand, etc.
9. W _ _ _ _ W	opening to admit light and air
10. W _ _ _ _ _ W	felon
11. W _ _ _ _ _ W	row of hay or grain raked for drying
12. W _ _ _ _ _ W	author of *Good Newes from New-England* (1624)
13. W _ _ _ _ _ W	second given name of a U.S. President
14. W _ _ _ _ _ W	it used to be Breslau
15. W _ _ _ _ _ _ W	retreat
16. W _ _ _ _ _ _ W	gust of cold land air
17. W _ _ _ _ _ _ _ W	county, site of University of Michigan
18. W _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ W	mustering of armed men (Scottish history)
19. W _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ W	dried grass stalk for plaiting
20. W _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ W	birthplace of William Morris

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Sibling to *Seedtime:* Although Harriette Simpson Arnow says that *Flowering of the Cumberland* (Macmillan, $6.95) "has in it even less of great events and famous men" than did her successful *Seedtime on the Cumberland,* published in 1960, it is the result of the same intensive "rummagings" into wills, inventories, court records, early newspapers, unpublished manuscripts, and store accounts, and forms a companion piece rather than a sequel to *Seedtime.* No one can read it without being more than certain that Mrs. Arnow has done a vast amount of research on the Cumberland Valley.

The book is actually a tremendous grabbag of information, a welter of facts, figures, anecdotes, and opinions—the opinions, however, clearly separated from the facts. In a determined effort to give it all some definite shape, Mrs. Arnow has divided the book into fourteen sections with such titles as "The Underpinning" (frontier marriages); "The Most Important Crop" (babies); "The Makeup of Society," "River Road, and Town," etc. But her information spills over. Any one thing is more than likely to remind Mrs. Arnow of another and send her typing off in the opposite direction.

The time is chiefly the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but it leaps forwards and backwards. Open the book anywhere and you may get a list of pioneer families, a quotation from Dr. Johnson (how did he get in here?), a picture of Andrew Jackson chasing a neighbor with a fence rail, a discussion of livestock, or an explanation of how to make peach brandy. The triumph of the book is that, grabbag though it is, this information is nearly always fascinating, no matter where you find it.

Throughout, Mrs. Arnow has liberally spread her own opinions and interpretations. She is not a member of the Noble Savage school, after the manner of, say, William Bartram, and it is her opinion the frontiersmen treated the Indians better than the Indians treated them. The fact that it was the Indians who originally had the land, and the pioneers were occupying it by force, troubles her not. Indeed, she might be said to belong to the Noble Pioneer school, finding almost everything, especially their methods of raising babies, better than they are now. A large percentage of the book, by the way, is devoted to the daily life of the female on the frontier.

The book is adequately indexed, a blessing indeed. On the other hand, the maps—at least for this reviewer—were more confusing than edifying. But the text, though scrambled, is never confusing. Mrs. Arnow just had too much information, and all of it interesting.

—WYATT BLASSINGAME.

THE BRITISH SCENE

Weary Wives and Lovers

A Man and Two Women: And Other Stories, *by Doris Lessing (Simon & Schuster. 316 pp. $5), explores the defeat of the sophisticated, contemporary woman who tries to be man and woman simultaneously. James Gindin, who is an associate professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of "Postwar British Fiction."*

By JAMES GINDIN

Doris Lessing—"sensitive feminist."

MUCH of Doris Lessing's earlier fiction is distinguished by a militant and responsible examination of the issues of her time: the appeal of and disillusion with Communist emphasis on justice and brotherhood; the problems of class and color in restrictive societies; the attempt of the female to liberate herself from a subservient domesticity and to compete, both publicly and privately, with the male. This genuine and committed examination culminates in the rambling novel she published last year, *The Golden Notebook.*

In the best stories in her new collection, *A Man and Two Women,* Miss Lessing has developed her feminism and her concern for contemporary issues into a much more subtle and profound point of view. "To Room Nineteen," for example, does not simply depict the "failure in intelligence" that the opening line indicates. Rather, it is a meaningful story about a personal failure in marriage that represents a failure of the relationship between man and woman in our society. The woman, Susan Rawlings, having held a job and had her own apartment in contemporary London, marries, assuming that she can control her domestic world in the sane, masculine way that she controlled her job. Feeling increasingly dissatisfied, she hires a housekeeper, then a nurse girl, and retreats to rented hotel rooms—all attempts to remove the center of herself from her circumstances. She abandons her plan to return to work after the youngest of her four children enters school, for domestic responsibility is endless, a fact that makes her evasion and her self-hatred endless as well. Although a man (shadowy in this story) can thrive on peripheral infidelities, on manipulating people and delegating responsibility, Susan is unable to operate in the same way, and her defeat is that of the sophisticated, contemporary woman trying to be man and woman simultaneously.

WHEN the woman is more successful in controlling the circumstances around her, as in the title story, in which a woman is able to recognize all the emotional changes brought by a baby into the ten-year marriage of some artist friends—with the result that her own desire for the other woman's husband is quenched—the success becomes hollow. In this instance, the husband turns hostile when she rejects him, and the wife's uneasiness with her new role must be tranquilized into insensibility. Similarly, in "One Off the Short List," the control and composure of the young woman, a successful set designer, only infuriates her petulant male antagonist into forcing her to spend a meaningless night in bed with him. The battle between the sexes, a battle in which the woman attempts to retain and ignore her sex simultaneously, forms the central perspective in Doris Lessing's best stories and provides her with a relevant focus for dealing with contemporary experience. When Miss Lessing's stories deal with social issues directly, without the focus, either implicit or explicit, of a central sexual relationship, they seem less successful.

Several stories that center on the problems of color or class ("England Versus England," "Outside the Minis-

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try," "Notes for a Case History") attempt to avoid possible stereotypes by unexpected twists or bizarre comedy. But, unlike a number of her English contemporaries, Iris Murdoch for example, Miss Lessing is not at her best with either the comic or the bizarre. These stories tend to remain essentially flat portraits. The author as sociological journalist is, in this collection, less interesting than the author as articulate and sensitive feminist.

Seldom a neat writer or master of the perfectly precise phrase, Miss Lessing, at her best, manages to avoid the easy formulas with which so many of us seem to explain our experience. Compulsive rationality, the need to arrange every element of experience in logical terms, may be a contemporary disease, but, as Miss Lessing demonstrates in the fantasy "How I Finally Lost My Heart," as well as in other stories, the attempt at rationality originates in the center of the human spirit, and, besides, we suffer from irrational diseases as well. Similarly, we often complain about our failure to communicate with others. Doris Lessing's characters frequently communicate quite easily; in many of the stories people form relationships, go to bed together, have children; they care and they live. But their problem is that, within a complex world, the communication they've already developed either demands a responsibility they're unable to accept or changes its meaning as experience continues.

Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum...

***The Wanting Seed** by Anthony Burgess (Norton. 285 pp. $3.95), reminds us that there will always be an England, although perhaps not the one we've been used to. David Dempsey is a frequent critic for SR.*

By DAVID DEMPSEY

ANTHONY BURGESS, the talented English writer, has published four novels in this country during the past two years, to considerable critical recognition. His latest, *The Wanting Seed*, like the earlier *A Clockwork Orange*, gives us a shrill and terrifying portrait of English life as it could be at some future time. *A Clockwork Orange*, which has recently been issued in paperback after a short period of hardcover gestation, is a bitter satire on the welfare state *in extremis*. Written in the first person by its protagonist, a young hoodlum named Alex, in a teen-age argot largely derived from Russian, the novel traces his downfall and redemption at the hands of the state planners. It is a fable describing what Burgess finds most threatening about the continual expansion of political power over the life of the individual in modern England.

Alex is a repulsive creature who, with his cronies, conducts a nighttime reign of terror that includes rape, robbery, and senseless murder. Eventually, Alex is caught and sent to a correctional institution, where he becomes a Pavlovian guinea pig for an experiment in reform; through reflex conditioning he enters a new life of nonviolence that is as automatized as his old. He is now at the mercy of society, unable to defend himself against his former victims. Moreover, his bully-boy cronies (unreformed), having been made policemen, are free to beat him up.

The book ends with Alex in a hospital listening to Beethoven's Ninth—classical music is his one mode of genuine feeling—while being groomed by the Minister of the Interior to be an agent of the state. The crowning irony of the novel is Alex's transformation into an outward respectability that will enable him to play a more insidious criminal role with state sanction, a role that even Alex now finds repugnant. The all-powerful state, Mr. Burgess implies, must of necessity train its ablest performers rather than its best men.

A Clockwork Orange is not an easy book to read, and one constantly asks oneself if the author could have achieved the same results without using his "nadsat" language. Here, for example, is a typical passage:

> But when he'd ookadeeted and I was making this very strong pot of chai, I grinned to myself over this veshch that P. R. Deltoid and his droogs worried about. All right, I do bad, what with crasting and tolchocks and carves with the britva and the old in-out-in-out, and if I get loveted, well, too bad for me . . .

Nevertheless, when the reader finally gets with it, the slang reinforces the hallucinatory unity of the novel, and becomes an effective means of distinguishing Alex's outlaw mentality. Stanley Edgar Hyman, in an "Afterword" to this edition (Norton, 95¢), appends a glossary of "nadsat" terms, which aids comprehension considerably.

A much easier introduction to Burgess is *The Wanting Seed*, which has been described as a "Malthusian comedy." The style presents no unusual problems, and the scheme of the story, reminiscent of the early Waugh, is simple enough: because the people of the world have sinned against nature in drastically holding down population (homosexuality is encouraged, and the birth of more than one child to a family is a crime), a mysterious blight destroys the food supply. War has been outlawed for some time, there is no mass bloodletting, and the people of England are driven to eating one another, with traditional British good manners.

> "It would seem," said Tristram, "that we're all cannibals."
>
> "Yes, but, damn it all, we in Aylesbury are at least civilized cannibals. It makes all the difference if you get it out of a tin."

This is the essence of the jape, the aspect of the future indefinite that seems to haunt Burgess most. Although he rings a good many changes on the idea, his theme is simply that reason itself will not save mankind. Indeed, fertility is restored to the crops only after society reverts to certain primitive rites; the wanting seed becomes wanton, a synthetic type of war is revived, the Pelagianism of the guiltless life replaced with a sterner Augustinian code of grace—the Christian categories being Burgess's.

I doubt if Mr. Burgess is opposed to Planned Parenthood, but he is skeptical of the universal overplanning that seems to be creeping through the world as it fills up. The story is told through Tristram Foxe, a man for all seasons who is able to accommodate himself to the constant shifts of state policy without surrendering his integrity, an Everyman upon whose conscience, courage, and common sense the salva-

Anthony Burgess—"pessimism."

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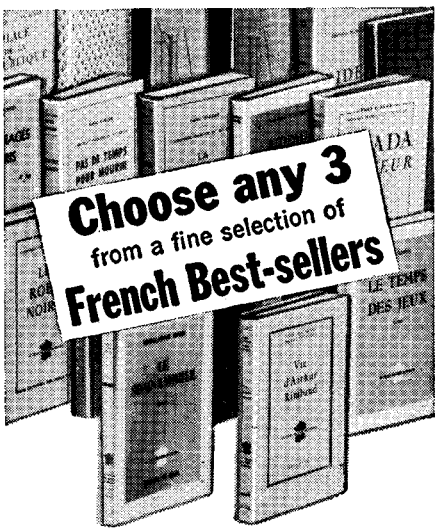

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tion of the future hangs. And what makes this future so terrifying is that it is such a clear extension of the present. Not everyone will share Burgess's pessimism, but there are few who will not enjoy his biting wit.

Dear Ex-: The protagonist of Gerda Charles's *A Slanting Light* (Knopf, $4.95) calls herself "a new kind of provincial-urban, intellectual Bovary." Having just left her husband after sixteen years of marriage, Ruth is now settled in London as housekeeper to a visiting American playwright and his family. This novel does not show the forces that have shaped her, though apparently Miss Charles is not convinced that we could readily understand them. No one in England, her heroine laments, except possibly George Orwell, could have understood her. "No one who has not lived it can know the grey meanness of provincial, lower middle-class life at that time. . . . No wonder it has hardly been touched on by our writers; since to re-create it would make wretched both reader and writer."

These remarks indicate why a promising theme in the novel is dropped. They indicate, too, what kind of fiction Gerda Charles writes, a kind Orwell used to write before *Animal Farm* and *1984*: sharp-witted, essayistic, limited. *A Slanting Light* gets around its limitations, to some extent, by being epistolary; it consists entirely of the cruelly candid letters Ruth writes to her ex-husband, and one could hardly object to the expository character of letters.

What she writes about is mainly the impact on her of the playwright Bernard Zold. He is no Orwell but he understands. Yet his understanding of her finally does not matter, for he himself becomes the subject of the book. Ruth forgets herself, not because she finds the lift of style and grace in the Zold ménage engrossing but because Zold interests her, his griefs and his talent as much as his anachronistic virtue:

> The fact is, he is not only an expatriate in other ways, he is also one in time. His kind of situation, the attempt to behave well within narrow, domestic boundaries, the concept of sacrifice and patience with suffering which lies near to the hand . . . these are nineteenth-century virtues. Charles Lamb for instance could devote his life to his mad sister without a sneer from the outside world, however worldly. Good behavior was in tune with the times. Bernard requires twice the moral courage to behave half as well.

Zold's failure to captivate anyone but Ruth, even in the world of the theatre, where his play had a rather successful run, is a bitter indictment of the sophisticated circles that prove as false and dull as those Ruth left behind in Liverpool. The best thing about this book is the thoroughly persuasive way in which the author shows the producers, critics, fellow playwrights all snubbing Zold because he maintains his innocent earnestness and honesty. From him Ruth learns that the latter should count for more than the elegant life she dreams of —a prosaic enough lesson, but in this book, with these characters, somehow impressive. —MANFRED WOLF.

Loaded in London: You have to get in the mood to enjoy Paul Scott's novel *The Bender* (Morrow, $4.95). Remember the A and B buttons on London telephones. Warm gin. Phrases like "the loo" and "a woman for the rough." The loneliness that fogs the middle-class heart. And, above all, the class-consciousness that infects everyone from the corner bobby up (or down) to Lady Butterfield. Perhaps a few of the angry-young-men British flicks would be the best preparation; after that, fun is possible.

George Lisle-Spruce, whose bender is here chronicled, is, however, no angry young man. He is forty-three, aimless, and depressed. Furthermore, as recipient of an inexplicable £400-a-year legacy from Sir Roderick Butterfield, he has never worked in his life but has eked out the years with cheap lodgings, desultory interests, hovering debts, and a growing taste for gin. His virtues are charm, compassion, and a certain wry humor.

Faced with crisis, however, the virtues seem inadequate. Gillian, the seventeen-year-old daughter of his stolid brother Tim, is pregnant (by a local plumber's mate, whom she sensibly refuses to marry). Tim, who needs the money for Gillian's discreet "vacation" in Wales, demands repayment of the £200 he loaned George a decade ago. George, at the moment, has about ten bob.

The rest, as they say, follows. George squirms through a day of horror, punching innumerable A and B buttons. He spends an hour with Gillian, who is possibly the most endearing seventeen-year-old existentialist ever to lighten a London coffee house. He drinks too many martinis at one of Lady Butterfield's "Thursdays," and goes off with his younger brother's mistress, Anina—a like man-crazy type girl who claims she's an Indian from Islington-pore and Nehruville. He gets royally, totally drunk. But in the end he discovers that life, after all, may have an aim—even on £400 a year.

Mr. Scott writes skilled and funny dialogue, and has created some marvelously original characters. All you have to do to enjoy him is to get in the mood first. —MARGARET PARTON.

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Four-Part Lullaby to Broadway

__Mister Abbott__, by George Abbott (Random House. 279 pp. $4.95), __September Child: The Story of Jean Dalrymple by Herself__ (Dodd, Mead. 318 pp. $4.95), __Max Gordon Presents__, by Max Gordon in association with Lewis Funke (Bernard Geis. 314 pp. $4.95), and __Minority Report__, by Elmer Rice (Simon & Schuster. 474 pp. $6.50), reveal diverse aspects of the American theatre during the last four or five decades. George Oppenheimer, drama critic of Newsday, edited "The Passionate Playgoer."

By GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

THREE celebrated gentlemen and one eminent lady of the theatre have had published this fall the stories of their lives. Max Gordon, producer of many outstanding successes, has had the aid of *New York Times* drama editor Lewis Funke in preparing *Max Gordon Presents*. The others have written their own memoirs—George Abbott, man-of-all-trades in the theatre, in *Mister Abbott*; Jean Dalrymple, entrepreneur of New York's City Center, in *September Child*, and Elmer Rice, playwright, in *Minority Report*.

Although these volumes cover approximately the same era, the last four or five decades in the American theatre, there is, extraordinarily, little duplication of material. Working in the theatre at the same time, their lives seem not to have crossed or, if they did, little mention is made of it.

The first of the authors, taken alphabetically, is the versatile Mr. Abbott. To my taste, his autobiography is also the first in quality. Seldom has a man of the theatre—and Mr. Abbott is the personification of that term—been so uninhibitedly frank about his associates, his friends, and especially about himself. He has no hesitation in detailing his triumphs with a complete lack of false modesty, nor does he balk at listing his failures, both professional and personal.

Mr. Abbott was born seventy-five years ago of sturdy American stock in the town of Salamanca, New York. To date he has served in the capacities of actor, author, co-author, director, play doctor, producer, or co-producer with 103 plays and is now preparing to direct his 104th in the spring. In *Mister Abbott* he adds to this prodigious record with an extremely well-written, honest, and absorbing book. He tells with humor and a good deal of wisdom of his two marriages, of the people he has known in the theatre and in the Long Island social set, of the intellectuals and nonintellectuals, the celebrities and would-be celebrities of the past fifty years. He assays Hollywood and finds it wanting; he contemplates Broadway with devotion but also with censure; he considers life and likes it. His zest for living has carried over into his book to such an extent that the reader finds himself sharing Mr. Abbott's varied experiences with comparable gusto.

Next in order comes Jean Dalrymple's *September Child*. Miss Dalrymple is the baby of this quartet, although she is old enough to have carried on a hero-worshipping correspondence with silent motion picture star William S. Hart. The adventures of this attractive lady at the age of sixteen, a lamb (but far from a sacrificial one) among the bulls and bears of Wall Street, are particularly entertaining. Her style of writing inclines toward breathlessness and a tendency to gush, but Miss Dalrymple's life is rather breathless, and there is much in it to gush about. She left Wall Street and some broken tycoon hearts to go into vaudeville, became a producer of Broadway plays and a press agent of high standing; now she devotes the major part of her crowded career to creating and guiding the New York City Center light opera and drama seasons.

She also talks of her two marriages, first to drama critic Ward Morehouse, then to Colonel Philip Ginder. Of the two, the enduring and peaceful one was

—Illustrations from "Max Gordon Presents."

Raymond Massey and Gladys Cooper in *The Shining Hour*.

Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas in *Born Yesterday*.

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—*Van Williams.*

L. to r. George Abbott, Elmer Rice, and Jean Dalrymple—"working in the theatre at the same time, their lives seem not to have crossed."

to the man of war. She tells of managing the concert tours of José Iturbi and Grace Moore, both of whom she accompanied over a goodly portion of the globe; of coordinating the U.S. performing arts program at the 1958 Brussels World's Fair; of almost but not quite producing *Pygmalion* as a musical and of Shaw's doubts on the subject; and of many amusing facets of her unusually rich life.

Max Gordon was born Mechel Salpeter in a Lower East Side tenement in New York. He now lives in one of the plusher Upper East Side apartment-hotels. His rags to riches story is filled with nostalgia for the golden days of vaudeville and of the Broadway stage, to which he has contributed a generous number of hits. However, there were as many downs as ups in Mr. Gordon's career, including a near suicide, which is graphically described. The story of his love affair with the theatre and with Mildred Bartlett, a singer and dancer who has been his wife for many years, is told with unabashed sentiment and warmth. At times Lewis Funke, his collaborator, has wrapped his prose in an opera-cloak style that does not fit the brash, informal character of Max Gordon. Nevertheless the book is almost consistently interesting, especially in the early years of struggle and of barnstorming vaudevillians. There are fond reminiscences of George S. Kaufman, Moss Hart, Noël Coward, Fanny Brice, Ruth Gordon, Robert E. Sherwood, Bernard Baruch, the Marx Brothers, Jerome Kern, and others. The book ends with this disarming statement: "I, Mechel Salpeter, had mingled with presidents, with princes of finance, with artists. I had dear friends. I had come back from disaster to fortune and health. I had landed on top."

Last, in order only, is Elmer Rice's thoughtful and stimulating *Minority Report*. Mr. Rice was brought up in much the same environment as Mr. Gordon and, like the latter, achieved success but not without a measure of failure. He studied to become a lawyer, gave it up and turned to the theatre. His legal training proved highly profitable since his first play, *On Trial*, was a courtroom drama and an instantaneous success. Mr. Rice, too, has reached the age of seventy-five, and in his book he draws on his maturity and experience to delve deep into the changing times and mores through which he has lived.

Minority Report is more serious, wider in scope, and longer than the other three volumes. Its author discusses his socialist beliefs, his visit to Russia and other countries, his ceaseless struggle for civil liberties, the shifting political climate of America and Europe, and many other considerations in the broader theatre of his life. He also tells, with an almost uncomfortable frankness, of his marriages and his extramarital activities.

Among the rewards of this autobiography is a section devoted to the founding of the Playwrights' Company, which consisted of Mr. Rice, Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, Sidney Howard, and S. N. Behrman, and produced many superior plays.

Here then are four books, any one of which will give the reader a picture of the American theatre of the recent past and present. For the theatre buff the four taken together provide a voluminous treat.

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The Playwright, Plays and Byplay

G.B.S. and the Lunatic: Reminiscences of the Long, Lively and Affectionate Friendship Between George Bernard Shaw and the Author, *by Lawrence Langner (Atheneum. 313 pp. $6.95),* ***G. B. Shaw: Creative Artist,*** *by Homer E. Woodbridge (Southern Illinois University Press. 181 pp. $4.50), and* ***The Loves of George Bernard Shaw,*** *by C. G. L. Du Cann (Funk & Wagnalls. 300 pp. $5), concern the playwright's involvements with everything from cupidity to cupid. Roger B. Dooley, head of the English Department at the Queensborough branch of the City University of New York, is the author of several novels.*

By ROGER B. DOOLEY

THROUGHOUT a long and highly articulate life, George Bernard Shaw in his plays, prefaces, lectures, and interviews expressed his views so vigorously and frequently on every conceivable subject (including his own past, for the aid of friendly biographers) and in turn provoked such a flood of comment from his contemporaries that one might almost think that the last word had been said—but just as his plays continue to draw a public at every revival, so any book about him is apparently certain of a market. Of the three most recent candidates for the Shavian bookshelf, two at least will add little to what has long been known, and the third, though lively and informative enough, constantly recalls the anecdote, possibly apocryphal, in which Shaw is supposed to have broken off negotiations with Samuel Goldwyn by cabling him: "The trouble is that you are an artist and I am a businessman."

Amiably dubbed a lunatic by Shaw himself for his determination to stage *Back to Methuselah* in its entirety, Lawrence Langner, co-founder of the Theatre Guild, provides in *G.B.S. and the Lunatic* literally a play-by-play account of the business relations, chiefly epistolary, between Shaw and the Guild. But between letters and cables the Langners frequently made summer visits to the Shaws, so that a personal friendship grew between the two men despite occasionally strained professional relations. Since Mr. Langner kept careful notes of every meeting, these chapters make the most engaging reading—a genuine, if modest, contribution to firsthand reminiscences of Shaw.

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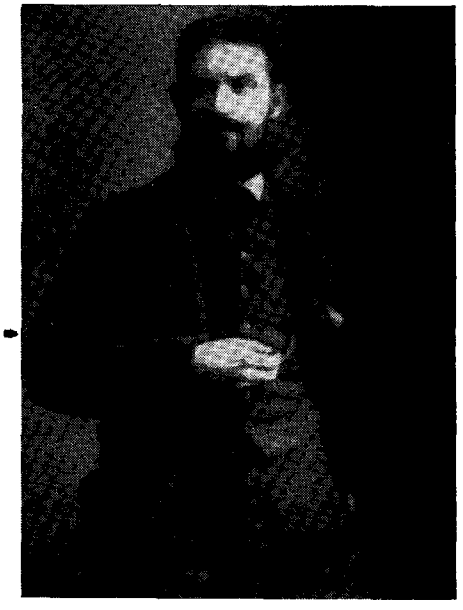

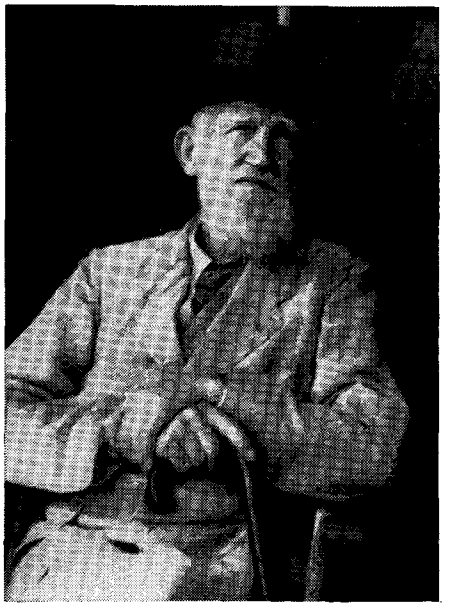

—From "The Loves of George Bernard Shaw."

GBS in the prime of life and at ninety—"if a superman emerges, it is Lawrence Langner."

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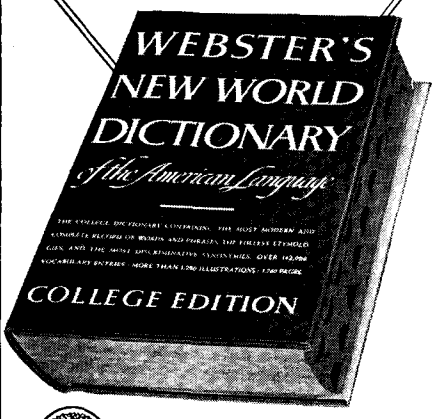

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most advanced plays to American audiences even at the risk of box-office failure was obviously sincere, yet even when its managers were hard pressed enough to ask it, Shaw seldom made the slightest concession to American theatre conditions, either by cutting his lines or his extraordinarily high royalty rate. Oddly enough, though he kept track of every detail and was quick to complain of the slightest deviation from his wishes in the production photographs sent him, Shaw never came over to see the plays themselves, not even the world premieres of *Heartbreak House*, *Saint Joan*, and *Back to Methuselah*.

During the war, obsessed by fear that if his income rose too high he would be ruined by taxes, Shaw blocked all new productions, presumably rather than allow any at a lower royalty. Later, despite previous assurances to the Guild, he permitted Maurice Evans to stage a successful *Man and Superman*, which quite overshadowed the former's version of *You Never Can Tell*, and then blamed the Guild for its failure. Indeed, if any superman emerges from these pages, it is Lawrence Langner himself, in the truly superhuman forbearance he exercised on so many exasperating occasions. In addition to much useful incidental information, such as an account of all the screen, radio, and TV adaptations of Shaw, this book does credit to its author both as a dedicated producer and as a man.

G.B.S.: Creative Artist, by the late Homer E. Woodbridge, a professor at Wesleyan University, might well have been called, paraphrasing one of the master's own titles, "An Intelligent Layman's Guide to Shaw," for, though it provides a succinct, chronological, critical comment on Shaw's whole career, it offers few new insights. From internal evidence, it must have been written in the late 1940s and never revised, not even to change the verb tenses from present perfect to past in speaking of Shaw. Why it should be published only now, as if a new work, is a mystery in no way cleared up in an impossibly supercilious preface by Harry T. Moore. Though he refers scathingly to "the trivia of Noël Coward and S. N. Behrman" as inadequate preparation for acting in Shaw's plays and waspishly dismisses *My Fair Lady* as "a hideous desecration of Shaw . . . on the intellectual level of such television programs as the Beverly Hillbillies," he casts little light on the book in hand.

In what may well be his most valuable contribution, Woodbridge analyzes Shaw's five early novels, all but ignored by most critics, and finds characters, situations, and motifs that clearly foreshadow the plays. But from here on, his distinction between Shaw the pamphleteer, social thinker, and would-be reformer and Shaw the genuine artist, whose creative flow produced immortal characters and plays, while undoubtedly sound, is at this date scarcely a new idea. His admiration for Shaw stops considerably short of idolatry; the later plays, which Langner produced and admired, Woodbridge dismisses as "dotages," in which the artist was completely vanquished by the pamphleteer.

Compared to Eric Bentley's *Bernard Shaw* or William Irvine's *The Universe of G.B.S.*, Woodbridge's work may seem a minor effort, but it surely deserves more serious consideration than such a catchpenny item as C.G.L. Du Cann's *The Loves of George Bernard Shaw*. No serious student of GBS will

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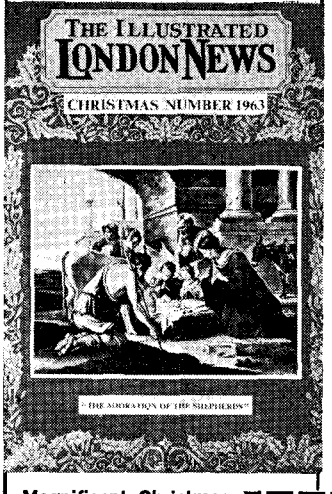

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learn of any relationship here that has not already been far better discussed by St. John Irvine, Stephen Winston, and others; and readers, if any, naive enough to be attracted by a book entitled "The Loves of—" will surely be disappointed.

After a windy, self-justifying preface full of arch jocosities worthy of an Edwardian general's memoirs, the author settles down to a jog-trot, journalistic account of all Shaw's known relationships with women, from Alice Lockett, the young nurse who was his first love, down to "Cupid's Last Shaft," Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Throughout, Du Cann takes a high moral stand toward his subject, now chiding him for not knowing more about feminine psychology (!), now convicting him as a cad, a bounder, and a blighter who told even more readily than he kissed. Even the most peripheral women, such as Eleanor Marx-Aveling and Edith Nesbit, are given capsule biographies padded out with tabloid explanations of Fabianism, theosophy, etc. Both by the elementary level of intelligence assumed in the reader and by the uncorrected repetitions of the same material the chapters constantly betray their origin as a series of newspaper articles. In his summation to the jury the author brings in as his clincher that, for all his talk about creative evolution, Shaw avoided fathering a child. Perhaps only Shaw could make the appropriate comment.

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American Way

Continued from page 39

ment of the land and provident husbandry superfluous.

What may be called the "conservation renaissance," which stemmed in large degree from the philosophical approach expressed by Emerson, Thoreau, and others, was followed by the practical procedures of such men as Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot at the turn of the century, and by the programs of subsequent Administrations almost a generation later, complemented by the work of independent organizations.

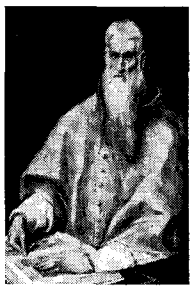
The last two chapters of *The Quiet Crisis* [see page 19] are concerned with the present situation. They make one realize how complex it is and therefore how difficult it will be to resolve a

variety of problems—all of which, in one way or another, intimately affect the lives of every American. How right the author is when he stresses the point that the solution of this problem must not be left to the capacities of science and technology but must be motivated by the general acceptance of a "land ethic for tomorrow."

The crisis may, as suggested by the title of this book, be quiet but it is nonetheless acute and indeed grave to a degree. The root of the problem is due in large part to the excessively rapid increase in population in our country—a fact that the author recognizes, although one could wish that he had given it considerably more emphasis. Population growth, not only in this country but throughout the world, undoubtedly represents the most crucial problem facing humanity today, whether related to the broad subject of conservation or, more generally, to the psychological, social, and physical welfare of mankind.

The Quiet Crisis reflects the vigor and ardor of its author—a man who likes to climb mountains, but who also is sensitive to the idealistic concepts expressed by philosophers and poets, whom he quotes at the beginning of each chapter. It is good that a man in public life, deeply involved in the daily pressures of government administration, has found the time, or, rather, has made the time, to produce a book such as this.

Was he a Baroque painter?



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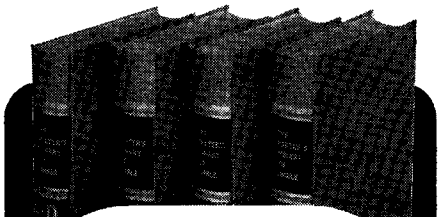

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Those two extraordinary ladies, Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons, have decided to tell all, as if they had kept any secrets all these years. And, curiously enough, their books arrived at the same time: Hedda Hopper's *The Whole Truth and Nothing But* (Pyramid, 75¢) and Louella Parsons's *Tell It to Louella* (Lancer 60¢). One reveals significant insights into the love of Elizabeth Taylor for Richard Burton while the other offers important revelations of Richard Burton's passion for Elizabeth Taylor, we forget which is which. In fact, we prefer to think these characters don't exist at all or only as George Axelrod's "celluloid people." . . . And speaking of affairs, *The Profumo-Christine Keeler Affair* (Popular, 75¢) is England's *The Denning Report* disguised. A London newspaper, quoted on the book jacket, called it "dynamite," but frankly we Americans are pretty blasé! . . .

The effects of the paperback revolution have been astonishing, but perhaps nowhere have the results been so far-reaching as in the schools. *Paperbacks in the Schools* (Bantam, 95¢) reviews the relevance of the books to each academic subject and even deals with the feasibility of a school establishing its own paperback bookshop. Students will be specifically interested in *How to Boost Your Marks in—* (Macfadden, 75¢). You can fill in the blank where the weakness lies. These are for the high school level. . . . For an even younger generation an imaginative series of coloring books from Dell (50¢ each) teach youngsters four to eight years old foreign languages by coloring *poires* yellow and the gentle *vacca* brown and white. French, Italian, German, and Spanish are available. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

The cream of newly published fiction finds the English out ahead, and who is surprised? Among the most fanciful is T. H. White's *The Sword in the Stone* (Dell, 50¢), that humorous evocation of young Arthur's youth and training under Merlin, right up to the time when the future king pulls the ruddy sword from the stone. White's output has been small, but his reputation is secure, and the same can be said for William Golding, author of *The Inheritors* (Harvest, $1.65). Concerned with the Neanderthals, *The Inheritors* is characteristically oblique and intense. . . . Before Lawrence Durrell achieved his eminence he had already written *The Dark Labyrinth* (Pocket Books, 50¢), a strange, mystical novel bursting with the darker implications of human motivation and behavior. Sunny, on the other hand, despite its subject is Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* (Dell, 50¢), a satire about death and a Hollywood cemetery, especially appropriate now since his countrywoman Jessica Mitford has had some harsh things to say about the "high cost of dying." . . . William Sansom's short novel *The Face of Innocence* (Signet, 50¢) tells with a high degree of suspense a civilized tale of an English marriage. Marriage is also the subject of Brian Moore's *An Answer from Limbo* (Dell, 50¢), largely the story of a wife's hapless infidelity. Belfast-born Mr. Moore is the author of that astonishingly Joycean poetic novel *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne.*

Featured among the contemporary American novels this month is John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* (Signet, 60¢). It's Mr. O'Hara's first novel, often thought to be his best. The scene is Gibbsville, Pa., where so many later and lesser novels are set. . . . Warren Miller is easily one of the best and most interesting writers around today. He experiments ceaselessly both technically and in subject matter. *Flush Times* (Crest, 60¢) tells about Cuba on the eve of its revolution, and if it does nothing else it serves as a reminder that Batista was no saint either. . . . *In the Absence of Angels* (Little, Brown, $1.95), by Hortense Calisher, combines a heady, high style, a New York City backdrop, and the quivering sensibilities of the voiceless, for whom Miss Calisher speaks so convincingly. . . . Irwin Shaw's *In the French Style* (Macfadden, 60¢) includes the two short stories of Americans in Paris, as well as the screenplay he concocted from them for the recently released movie. Although the stories are no great shakes, nothing compared to his powerful pre-World War II writing, they're still more impressive than the screenplay or, heaven knows, the movie.

A note to detective story fanciers: Andrew Garve's *The Far Sands* and *The Cuckoo Line Affair* (Lancer, 50¢ each) are newly published and customarily deft. English, you know.

The East

One of the more ambitious paperback projects has been Van Nostrand's Searchlight Books, each of which, written expressly for this series, explores a specific area of international attention. Many of the new books focus upon Asia, and among the most timely are C. Hart Schaaf's and Russell H. Fifield's *The Lower Mekong: Challenge to Cooperation in Southeast Asia,* Benjamin and Jean Higgins's *Indonesia: The Crisis of the Millstones,* Robert Campbell's *Pakistan: Emerging Democracy,* Robert B. Hall, Jr.'s *Japan: Industrial Power of Asia,* Pradyumna P. Karan and William M. Jenkins, Jr.'s *The Himalayan Kingdoms: Bhutan, Sikkim, Nepal.* Each book, prepared under the general editorship of George Hoffman and G. Etzel Pearcy, is properly presented with necessary maps and geographical data. $1.45 each.

Another paperback original is *Asia in the Modern World* (Mentor, 75¢), an

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anthology edited by Helen G. Matthew. The task of surveying all of Asia, its vast history and varied cultures, would seem impossible, yet, surprisingly, this book turns out to be remarkably helpful in acquainting the uninformed reader with some useful information about Asia, past and present.

One of our most distinguished Asian authorities is Russell H. Fifield, co-author of *The Lower Mekong* (see above) and the author of an important book on diplomacy, *Southeast Asia in United States Policy* (Praeger, $2.95). How our foreign policy was formed, to what degree it was and is in touch with the real problems of the East are explored with a sober eye toward future diplomatic relations.

Most Americans are extraordinarily ignorant of what is going on in China today, a fact not altogether our fault since most of the information that comes from behind the Bamboo Curtain is highly unreliable. Still, the Asian experts have pored over the Communist documents in an attempt to find guide lines to current events, and, they tell us, one of the most significant things that has happened in China in recent years is the repression of the intellectual. *The Wilting of the Hundred Flowers: The Chinese Intelligentsia Under Mao* (Praeger, $2.50), by Mu Fu-sheng, takes its title from the 1956 slogan when Mao intoned, "Let a hundred flowers bloom, let a hundred schools contend." But the new freedom flourished only about six weeks before unrestrained criticism of the regime was stifled. This book tells of the brief intellectual thaw and of the reasons for the quick and cold freeze.

China's Response to the West: A Documentary Survey 1839-1923 (Atheneum, $1.65), by Ssu-yu Teng and John K. Fairbank, provides convincing reasons why Chinese intellectuals revolted against an encroaching and dazzling Western civilization. Another book of documentary evidence is *Chinese Communism* (Torchbooks, $1.95), edited by Dan N. Jacobs and Hans H. Baerwald, which follows the meandering path of Communism on the Chinese mainland from Mao's 1927 report on the peasant movement to its present relations with its new Albanian friends.

A. C. Scott's *Literature and the Arts in 20th Century China* (Anchor original, $1.25) surveys creativity within China especially during the decades following the 1911 rebellion. Theatre, poetry, calligraphy, dance, the film—each bloomed until the Communist takeover in 1949, when art became doctrinaire and the "flowers wilted."

Society, USA

In his vastly successful book *The Affluent Society* (Mentor, 75¢) John Kenneth Galbraith says many things about the way we live now, but most telling is his simple assertion that the more we have, the more we want. We already have a lot, and want even more, which is what makes our economy spin and why advertising people urge us to buy even more. It's a dizzying cycle and something of which Vance Packard surely wouldn't approve. His newest book, *The Waste Makers* (Pocket Books, 60¢), is exceedingly annoyed and properly spirited in its condemnation of those who plan obsolescence, who teach us the "throwaway spirit," and who convince us that scarcely anything is so ugly as last year's car.

If that sounds sinister, it's mild compared to *The Brain Watchers* (Signet, 75¢), Martin L. Gross's attack on the psychological testers, who with their battery of super-quizzes wield mighty power in today's corporate life.

Power is just what Floyd Hunter's book, *Community Power Structure: A Study of Decision Makers* (Anchor, $1.45) is all about. Regional City is the name; its population is half a million, and Mr. Hunter undertakes to find out how this typical town is really run, who does the running or merely gets the runaround.

One of the great virtues of Jane Jacobs's *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* (Vintage, $1.95) lies in its author's ability to see the familiar with startling freshness. In persuasive prose, Mrs. Jacobs reviews the modern metropolis and boldly illustrates the lack of creativity in our usage of parks, sidewalks, apartment houses.

Robert M. Hutchins's *Education for Freedom* (Evergreen, $1.45), written more than twenty years ago, remains an eloquent plea for that which is truly liberal in the educational process. Education, argues Mr. Hutchins, "must be thought of as the prime preoccupation of the community, the only way in which the community and the individuals who compose it can come to understand and achieve the common good."

With Needle and Tusk: Peter Swann's *Art of China, Korea, and Japan* (Praeger, $3.95) succeeds remarkably well in surveying more than 3,000 years of Far Eastern creativity. Mr. Swann, who is keeper of the Department of Eastern Art at Oxford's Ashmolean Museum, discusses painting and pottery, sculpture and silk embroidery, ivory and wood carvings, all against the vast background of Oriental cultural history. It is an especially handsome book with 259 illustrations, and more than fifty plates reproduced in luminous color.

Chinese Ming dynasty cup in red lacquer.

Japanese Late Jomon clay figurine.

Chinese bronze bell, 4-5 Cent. B.C.

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Quiet Crisis

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end product of many forces. Its threat is all the more serious because most harm involves subtle erosion and contamination, and because motives of commercial profit do not enlist public support. Quick action can be expected only when threats to the public health or public convenience are imminent. The larger task will not be undertaken unless a quickening conscience brings us to act now to protect the land for future generations.

President Kennedy's preservation-of-environment program is a response to the quiet crisis, and it points the way toward the main arenas of conservation action in the years ahead. It concerns wilderness and wildlife and parklands and the whole spectrum of outdoor resources. The American out-of-doors was studied with thoroughness and vision from 1959 to 1962 by the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission. Its report is a landmark analysis of our past failures and present opportunities in the use and protection of our environment.

As inheritors of a spacious, virgin continent we have had strong roots in the soil and a tradition that should give us special understanding of the mystique of people and land. It is our relationship with the American earth that is being altered by the quiet crisis, our birthright of fresh landscapes and far horizons. Unless we are to betray our heritage consciously, we must make an all-out effort now to acquire the public lands which present and future generations need. Only prompt action will save prime park, forest, and shoreline and other recreation lands before they are pre-empted for other uses or priced too far beyond the public purse.

The Land and Water Conservation Fund proposed by President Kennedy may mark a turning point in conservation history. If the states are to provide leadership before it is too late, if the few remaining spacious seashores are to be preserved for all of the people, if wildlife values are to be permanently protected and our National Park, Forest, and Wildlife Refuge systems are to be rounded out by the addition of the remaining suitable lands, the task must begin immediately and be completed within the next three decades.

The status we give our wilderness and near-wilderness areas will also measure the degree of our reverence for the land. American pioneering in establishing National Parks and in promoting the wilderness concept is already being emulated in many parts of the world today. Many nations no longer have the option of preserving part of their land in its pristine condition. We must take ours up before it is too late. A wilderness system will offer man what many consider the supreme human experience. It will also provide watershed protection, a near-perfect wildlife habitat, and an unmatched science laboratory where we can measure the world in its natural balance against the world in its man-made imbalance. The case for wilderness protection was stated eloquently for all time by Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico when he said:

> Wilderness is an anchor to windward. Knowing is it there, we can also know that we are still a rich nation, tending to our resources as we should—not a people in despair searching every last nook and cranny of our land for a board of lumber, a barrel of oil, a blade of grass, or a tank of water.

In Alaska we have a magnificent opportunity to show more respect for wilderness and wildlife values than did our forebears. The wonders of the wilderness still abound there; if we spoil them, we cannot excuse their defilement with pleas of ignorance.

WE have an opportunity, too, to take a leaf from FDR's book and establish a permanent Conservation Corps to rehabilitate and renew our public lands. Generations to follow will judge us by our success in preserving in their natural state certain rivers having superior outdoor recreation values. The Allagash of Maine, the Suwannee of Georgia and Florida, the Rogue of Oregon, the Salmon of Idaho, the Buffalo of Arkansas, and the Ozark Mountain rivers in the State of Missouri are some of the waterways that should be kept as clean, wild rivers—a part of a rich outdoor heritage. We must act to provide a habitat in which the fish and wildlife sharing our planet may thrive. Our environment-preservation work will lack balance unless our highway building includes a national system of scenic roads.

The quiet crisis demands a rethinking of land attitudes, deeper involvement by leaders of business and government, and methods of making conservation decisions which put a premium on foresight. With the acumen of our scientists we can achieve optimum development of resources that will let us pluck the fruits of science without harming the tree of life. Once we decide that our surroundings need not always be subordinated to payrolls and profits based on short-term considerations, there is hope that we can both reap the bounty of the land and preserve an inspiring environment.

The Muirs and Olmsteds and Pinchots of the decades ahead will surely fail unless both our business and public budgets embrace conservation values. Enlightened leaders of the business community are already pointing the way: such companies as Lever Brothers, Johnson's Wax, and the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company have demonstrated that a beautifully designed building is the most attractive form of advertising. Conservation will

"Operator, could you give me an approximation as to where this booth is located?"

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make headway when it is patently good business for companies to invest in programs of education and practices of production which emphasize both conservation and industrial efficiency. Conservation statesmen must prove that profits and the conservation cause are compatible if we are to succeed in making an attractive and orderly environment part of our national purpose. At present, many of our policies actively conspire against conservation, and the conservation-minded businessman too often finds himself at an intolerable competitive disadvantage if he implements his convictions.

The proper control of waste products or polluting materials, or the reclamation of strip-mine areas, costs money. For any one state or any one region to allow its enterprisers an economic advantage by permitting damage illegal elsewhere is a repetition of the nineteenth-century story of the forest raiders and hydraulic miners. Our air and water resources are essential to life. Water and the air masses are in constant motion, and it will take uniform laws, national in scope, to put competing industries on an equal footing. Where our laws make land reclamation and pollution abatement a normal part of the cost of doing business, enlightened businessmen are already working with the conservation cause. Once intolerable competitive advantages are eliminated, researchers will quickly devise machines and gadgets to minimize the damage. But environment restoration and preservation can succeed only if we pay as we go.

WE have reached the point in our history where it is absolutely essential that all resources, and all alternative plans for their use and development, be evaluated comprehensively by those who make the over-all decisions. As our land base shrinks, it is inevitable that incompatible plans involving factories, mines, fish, dams, parks, highways, wildlife, and other uses and values will increasingly collide. Those who decide must consider immediate needs, compute the values of competing proposals, and keep distance in their eyes as well. For example, technical innovations which will have a widespread effect on other resources and on living values shared by all must be assessed in advance. Chemical contamination, the disposal of radioactive wastes, and sonic boom are examples of present or coming problems which will require the careful measurement of social costs against official benefits.

Our mastery over our environment is now so great that the conservation of a region, a metropolitan area, or a valley is more important, in most cases, than the conservation of any single resource. Complex decisions will require sophisticated judgments that weigh all elements and explore all possible alternatives. Slum valleys and regional slums will be the result, unless we are able to put our resources to their highest and best use.

As the area of conflict and overlap increases we must constantly improve our decision-making techniques. Nor must we be afraid to decide the toughest of issues: practices that defer necessary decisions can also be a threat to the national welfare.

Geography has always been a global science and conservation must now become a truly global concept if the optimum use of resources is to be achieved. Nature's rules still obtain, and all parts of the natural world, from minerals and marine life to the gulf streams of the ocean and jet streams of the upper atmosphere, obey a single set of laws. It is the seven seas themselves, the one remaining untapped resource, that now represents the largest remaining frontier of conservation.

The atmosphere and the oceans are the two resources that are owned by all of the people of the world. Yet, save for a few farsighted treaties, we have no plan of management for these common resources, and oceanographers are still at the outer edge of the secrets of the sea. The ocean domain includes the submerged 71 per cent of the earth's surface, and in its depths is an immense reserve of mineral and marine resources for the future: for example, once the enormous schools of "trash" fish are converted into edible food or fish flour, the protein diet deficiency afflicting two-thirds of the people of the world can be partially alleviated.

Inadequate research into marine resources and the absence of international planning have meant that some resources are overexploited while others remain underdeveloped. With the exception of a few notable agreements the law of hunt-and-kill is still the code of the sea. Only timely international conservation agreements will avert the spectacle of a resource raid to dwarf those of the past on the fur seal and the sea otter. The oceans can be the most fruitful field for international co-operation in conservation, if the nations will turn in time to the principles of sustained-yield management.

THE one factor certain to complicate all of our conservation problems is the ineluctable pressure of expanding population. Our resource planners operate in a bureaucratic trance, assuming that the population of the United States will inevitably double by the year 2000. An all too common corollary assumption is that life in general—and the good, the true, and the beautiful in particular—will somehow be enhanced at the same time. We have growth room in this country, but the time has come for thoughtful men and women to ask some basic questions about our land-people equation. Our whole history demonstrates that his physical environment has an enormous influence upon man. Are not such inquries as these, then, pertinent to the future course of human

"Notre Dame ahead 14-0 at the half; pass it on."

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enterprise: What is the ideal "ecology of man," the ideal relationship of the human population to environment? Is man subject to the laws of nature, which hold that every species in any environment has an optimum population? How much living space do human beings need in order to function with maximum efficiency and to enjoy maximum happiness?

It is obvious that the best qualities in man must atrophy in a standing-room-only environment. Therefore, if the fulfilment of the individual is our ultimate goal, we must soon determine the proper man-land ratio for our continent.

Our future will be linked increasingly with the success of other peoples in dealing with their resources. The American economy already consumes over 30 per cent of the world's raw material production, and resource interdependence among nations increases each year. The Peace Corps program and the second phase of our foreign aid effort largely involve the export of conservation know-how. That foreign students already outnumber Americans in the mining courses offered by our graduate schools serves to suggest the extent of our educational contributions. We are generous enough and practical enough to share our resource insights with the farmer in Pakistan, the Peruvian fisherman, and the game warden of East Africa. In return, we ought to accept gladly the land lessons they can teach us. The region or the river valley is now the proper setting for resource planning, but technology will soon make international conservation planning a necessity. The treaty that made the Antarctic a scientific preserve, and the worldwide cooperation evinced by the International Geophysical Year, are signposts of hope for the future.

IN the years ahead, nations can either compete ruthlessly for resources, in a context of scarcity, or cooperate, respect the laws of nature, and share its abundance. Resource interdependence and the common management of those resources owned in common will enlarge the area of unified action and do much to encourage world order. The growth of a world-wide conservation movement might serve as a gyroscopic force in world politics. The most influential countries of the future surely will be those that bring desalted water to arid lands and use their scientific discoveries to advance the welfare of all mankind.

Internationally, we need new forms of cooperation in order to realize the full potential of all natural resources. Domestically, we must have a growing groundswell of concern over the quiet crisis, which could culminate in a third wave of the conservation movement and deepen our awareness of the importance of the land. Resultant higher standards of husbandry, material progress, and the creation of a life-giving environment can go hand in hand if, in President Kennedy's words, we make time "our friend and not our adversary."

Beyond all plans and programs, true conservation is ultimately something of the mind—an ideal of men who cherish their past and believe in their future. Our civilization will be measured by its fidelity to this ideal as surely as by its art and poetry and system of justice. In our perpetual search for abundance, beauty, and order we manifest both our love for the land and our sense of responsibility toward the future generations that will inhabit it.

Most Americans find it difficult to conceive a land ethic for tomorrow. The pastoral American of a century ago, whose conservation insights were undeveloped, has been succeeded by the asphalt American of the 1960s, who is shortsighted in other ways. Our sense of stewardship is uncertain partly because too many of us lack roots in the soil and the respect for resources that goes with such roots. Too many of us have mistaken material ease and comfort for the good life. Our growing dependence on machines has tended to mechanize our response to the world around us and has blunted our appreciation of the higher values.

There are many uprooting forces at work in our society. We are now a nomadic people, and our new-found mobility has deprived us of a sense of belonging to a particular place. Millions of Americans have no tie to the "natural habitat" that is their home. Yet the understanding of the grandeur and simplicity of the good earth is the umbilical cord that should never be cut. If the slow swing of the seasons has lost its magic for some of us, we are all diminished. If others have lost the path to the wellsprings of self-renewal, we are all the losers.

Modern life is confused by the growing imbalance between the works of man and the works of nature. Yesterday a neighbor was someone who lived next door; today technology has obliterated old boundaries and our lives overlap and impinge in myriad ways. Thousands of men who affect the way we live will always remain strangers. An aircraft overhead, or an act of air or water pollution miles away, can impair an environment that thousands must share. If we are to formulate an appropriate land conscience, we must redefine the meaning of "neighbor" and find new bonds of loyalty to the land.

One of the paradoxes of American society is that while our economic standard of living has become the envy of the world, our environmental standard has steadily declined. We are better housed, better nourished, and better entertained, but we are not better prepared to inherit the earth or to carry on the pursuit of happiness.

A CENTURY ago we were a land-conscious, outdoor people: the American face was weather-beaten, our skills were muscular, and each family drew sustenance directly from the land. Now marvelous machines make our lives easier, but we are falling prey to the weaknesses of an indoor nation and the flabbiness of a sedentary society.

A land ethic for tomorrow should be as honest as Thoreau's *Walden,* and as comprehensive as the sensitive science of ecology. It should stress the oneness of our resources and the live-and-help-live logic of the great chain of life. If, in our haste to "progress," the economics of ecology are disregarded by citizens and policy-makers alike, the result will be an ugly America. We cannot afford an America where expedience tramples upon esthetics, and development decisions are made with an eye only on the present.

Henry Thoreau would scoff at the notion that the Gross National Product should be the chief index to the state of the nation, or that automobile sales or figures on consumer consumption reveal anything significant about the authentic art of living. He would surely assert that a clean landscape is as important as a freeway, he would deplore every planless conquest of the countryside, and he would remind his countrymen that a glimpse of grouse can be more inspiring than a Hollywood spectacular or color television. To those who complain of the complexity of modern life, he might reply, "If you want inner peace find it in solitude, not speed, and if you would find yourself, look to the land from which you came and to which you go."

We can have abundance and an unspoiled environment if we are willing to pay the price. We must develop a land conscience that will inspire those daily acts of stewardship which will make America a more pleasant and more productive land. If enough people care enough about their continent to join in the fight for a balanced conservation program, this generation can proudly put its signature on the land. But this signature will not be meaningful unless we develop a land ethic. Only an ever-widening concept and higher ideal of conservation will enlist our finest impulses and move us to make the earth a better home both for ourselves and for those who will follow us.

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Congress

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present, the House has a rule of germaneness, but the Senate does not.

A second resolution would permit standing committees to continue in session until completion of the Senate's morning hour, when it conducts routine business. At the present time, an objection by one member of the Senate forces a committee to adjourn whenever the Senate is in session. This has been used by some Senators to stall committee action on legislation.

A third resolution, which would permit former Presidents to address the Senate upon appropriate notice to the Presiding Officer, has been approved by the Senate and is now a part of its standing rules.

While the most experienced members of Congress would see a great deal of wisdom in the Congressional reform resolution, its passage is not certain. Some members of Congress have a vested interest in antiquated Congressional procedures. For them, power and prerogatives are assured under today's system. This points up the reason for delay in acting on such legislation from within the Congress.

But there is a further handicap. There are no powerful national organizations actively pushing Congress to act on Congressional reform. For these reasons, continued and expanded public interest is vital to final enactment of our proposal for a Joint Committee on Organization of Congress.

Congress isn't losing power and prestige because of what it does, but rather because of what it doesn't do. There are some who believe that an inactive Congress is the best Congress, that a Congress that bottles up legislation and therefore doesn't have to vote is the kind of Congress that protects their interests. I believe, however, that we must have a Congress that is not afraid of the issues facing our nation and is willing to be counted on these issues.

THE longer we let Congress half strangle itself in its outmoded procedures, the less significant will its role become in American government and American life, and fewer and fewer first-rate men and women will be willing to devote themselves to Congressional service. Thus, Congressional ineffectiveness will feed upon itself.

But in politics, as in nature, a vacuum is abhorrent. The power and the scope of the Presidency will inevitably expand as that of the Congress declines. At some point, the breakdown of Congress could put democratic government in danger—even in the United States of America.

Books in the News

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intercontinental missiles in 1957, the Chinese leadership has looked eagerly to the day when, with America's nuclear power neutralized by Soviet missiles, it could proceed to expel American power and influence from mainland Asia. Today Mao calls Khrushchev a "coward" because he has recognized that a nuclear war would be a catastrophe for the USSR as well as for the entire world.

Khrushchev, on the other hand, now denounces the Peking leaders as dangerous adventurers because they reject his warnings that any "spearpoint to spearpoint" confrontation between American and either Soviet or Communist Chinese forces may escalate very rapidly to a nuclear encounter. Indeed, he accuses Mao point-blank of wanting to build his world-wide domination in the ashes of atomic holocaust.

Is Khrushchev exaggerating Peking's belligerent attitude? Or is he genuinely alarmed at Mao's intentions? In practice Peking has been very cautious since the end of the fighting in Korea, and has avoided any direct confrontation with American forces. If we assume that Communist China will pursue a similarly wary policy into an indefinite future and will sit quietly within its borders, then it is hard to understand the shrill and alarmist attitude adopted by Moscow, which must have more knowledge than we have in the West about Peking's hopes and plans for revolutionary expansion.

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(Continued from page 55)

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. A substitution in grammar, as of one part of speech for another.

B. Languid weariness or listless discontent.

C. South American shrub *Gevuina heterophylla* with coral-red fruit (2 wds.).

D. Where Washington Irving spoke of chucking the barmaid (3 wds.).

E. Irish Nationalist politician who died in jail, 1920, of a hunger strike.

F. Hatred of women.

G. Line marking points having the same temperature at a given time.

H. G & S's reassurance as to the presence and worth of fish in the sea (4 wds.).

I. Florentine sculptor of the Baptistery doors of San Giovanni, 15th cent.

J. Figuratively, any mixture; esp. beer and ginger ale.

K. Exciting or deserving great aversion to such a degree (2 wds.; dialectical idiom).

WORDS

150 133 135 156 63 26 49 78

42 124 29 95 162

108 161 132 138 173 46 115 27 122 96

186 118 12 177 15 20 109 40 67 149 71 35

25 129 82 18 64 139 169 114 7

147 66 92 8 119 175 111 86

117 88 17 101 165 142 43 189

5 38 181 159 60 195 98 106 13 69 19

180 89 81 184 121 172 160 22

56 65 58 163 36 33 125 168 73 140

2 131 24 77 51 32 59 197 37 200 157

DEFINITIONS

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N. Nocturnal plane trips (*comp.*).

O. Person who was "alone and palely loitering" in *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* (comp.).

P. Youthful personage of whom we should have known less but for Parson Weems (2 wds.).

Q. (Yet) again, as Milton begins his *Lycidas* (2 wds.).

R. Consentience.

S. Histone formed as a cleavage product of hemoglobin.

T. The valued *Alosa ohiensis* (3 wds.).

U. Equivocal.

WORDS

21 55 10 80 144 192 136 123 85 93

34 61 105 155 50 188 31 182 91

103 84 134 113 185 154 196 198 178 75 30

6 48 110 191 68 130 62 148 99 39 170 120

137 146 9 72 112 79 194 70 3 52 158 104 45 14 57

94 151 53 171 167 11 127 87

166 193 4 179 74 16 102 141 44

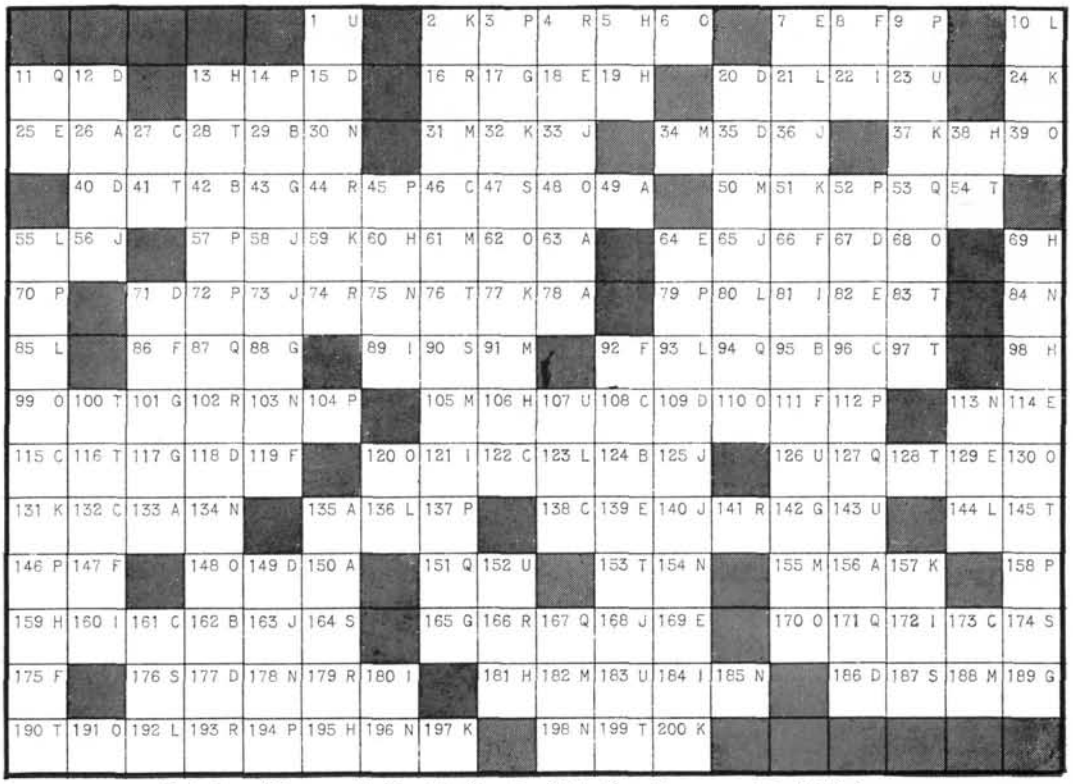
164 174 90 176 47 187

199 54 28 153 116 76 41 128 145 100 83 190 97

143 183 126 1 152 107 23

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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